

JUL 24 1937
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MARCH, 1937

Detective COMICS

10¢



BRAND NEW!
ACTION-PACKED
STORIES IN
COLOR!

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SPEED SAUNDERS

AND THE RIVER PATROL



IN EVERY LARGE CITY THERE ARE THE G-MEN. IN EVERY LARGE SEAPORT THERE ARE G-MEN KNOWN AS THE HARBOR POLICE.

"SPEED" CYRIL SAUNDERS IS A SPECIAL OPERATIVE IN A UNIT OF THE RIVER PATROL.

NOW FOR A NICE QUIET EVENING AT HOME - A BOOK, MY PIPE -



HELLO - CYRIL SAUNDERS SPEAKING.



HELLO - SPEED? LISTEN, I'VE GOT A HOT CASE - CAN YOU COME OVER?



OH HELLO, MR MORAN WHAT? YEAH SURE! BE RIGHT OVER!



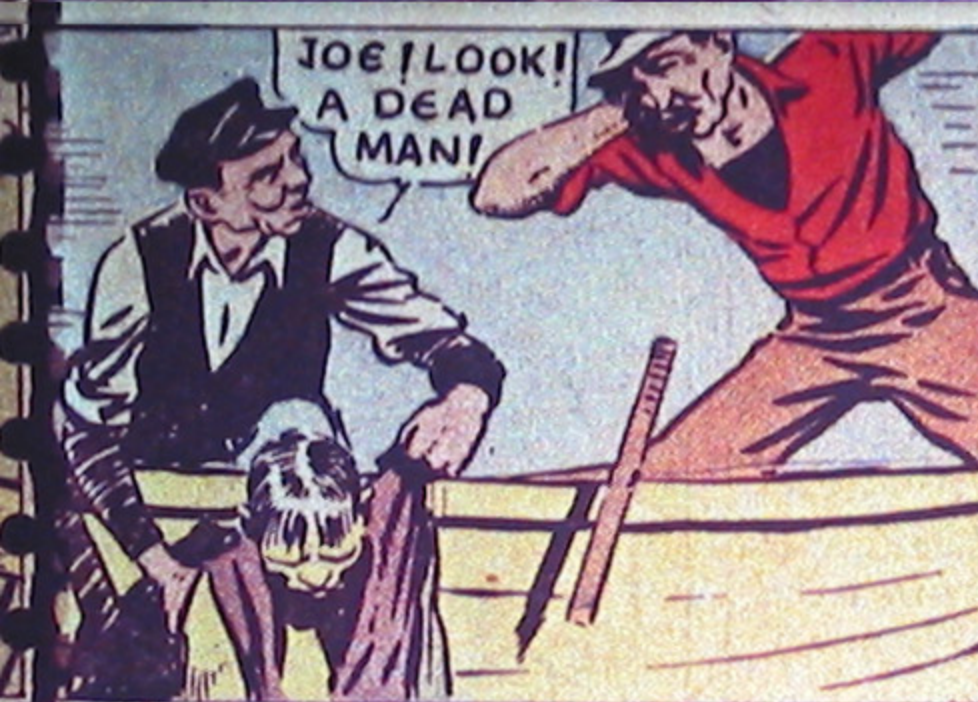
TAXI!
TAXI!!





ME AND ME DATNER-IOE PLUM-WG
BIN A'RAWLIN' AND DIGGIN' IN THE
BAY FER NIGH ON TO 30 YEARS-

WE RARELY MISSED A
DAY AND OUR HAULS
WERE GOOD UNTIL ----



SPEED SAUNDERS
COMBS THE CITY'S
CHINATOWN FOR
A CLUE



LISTEN LU - YOU KNOW
THE UPS AND DOWNS OF
CHINATOWN - ARE THERE
ANY TONG WARS GOING
ON?

GOLLY, NO
THIS DUM
SURE IS
GETTING DE



AT THE MORGUE
SPEED INSPECTS
THE BODIES OF
THE CHINAMEN

YOU'RE RIGHT, DOC!
THESE ARE REAL
ORIENTAL
CHINAMEN



NOW YOU'RE NOT GOING
TO TELL ME THAT THEY
FLOATED HERE FROM
CHINA?

OH NO - BUT
I'VE GOT
AN IDEA!



FOR WEEKS
SPEED LIVES
AT THE DOCK



AND WORKING AS A STEVEDORE
HE IS ABLE TO WATCH THE SEA
AND THE BOATS

SAY - I WONDER
WHY THAT SCHOONER
NEVER COMES INTO
DOCK WITH ITS CARGO?

I DUNNO
I'LL BET
THEY ARE
BOOTLEGGING

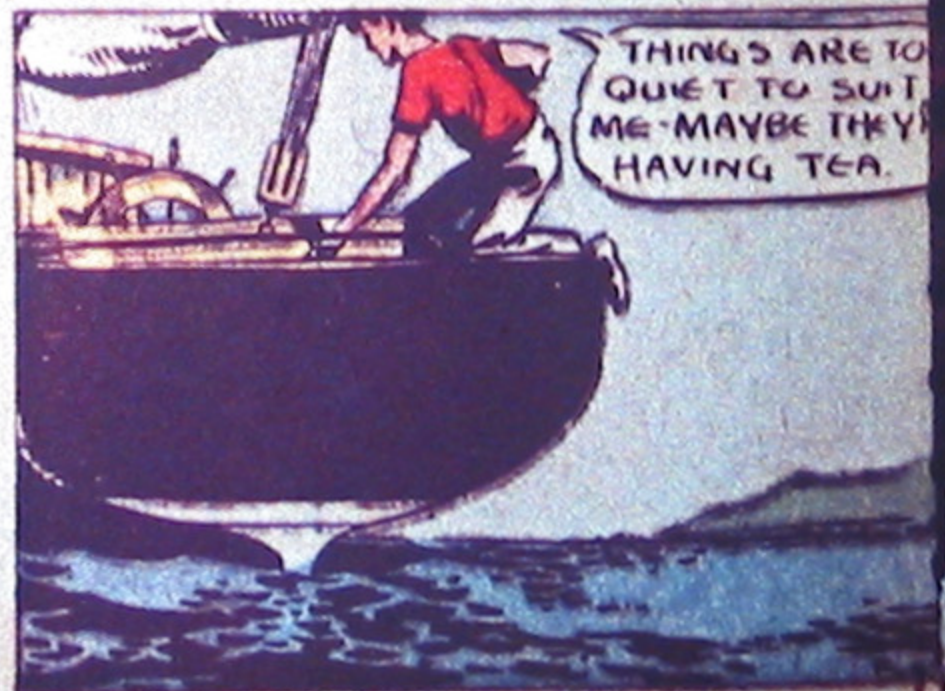


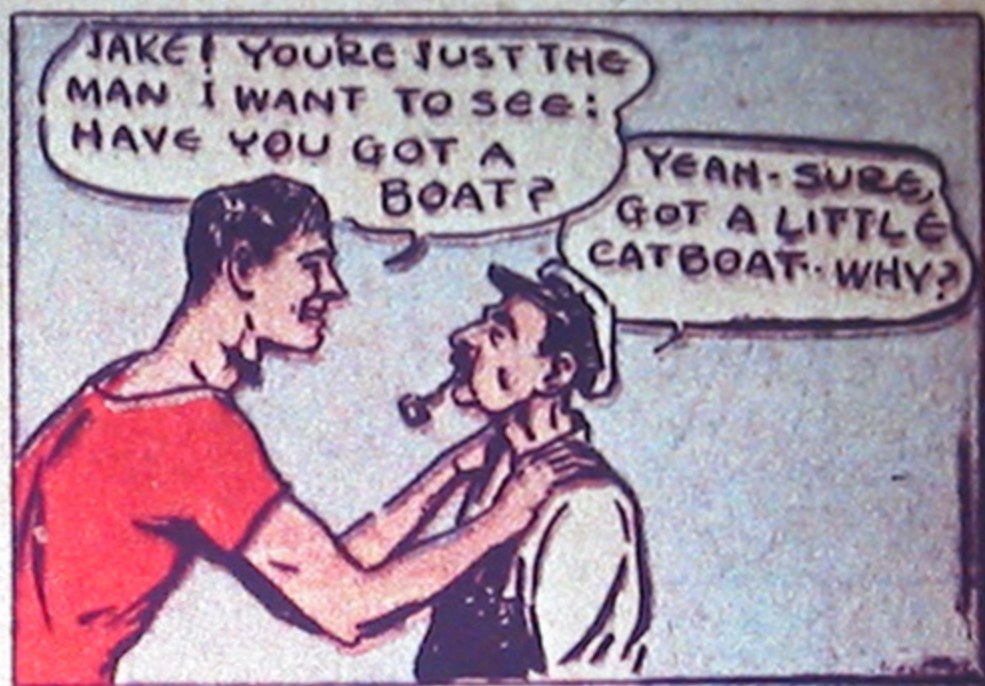
YES SONNY ALL
YOU GOT TO DO IS
TAKE ME TO THAT
BOAT AND
LEAVE ME

GEE, MISTER,
AIN'TCHA SCARED
THEM GUYS IS
CUTTHROATS?



THINGS ARE TOO
QUIET TO SUIT
ME - MAYBE THEY
HAVING TEA

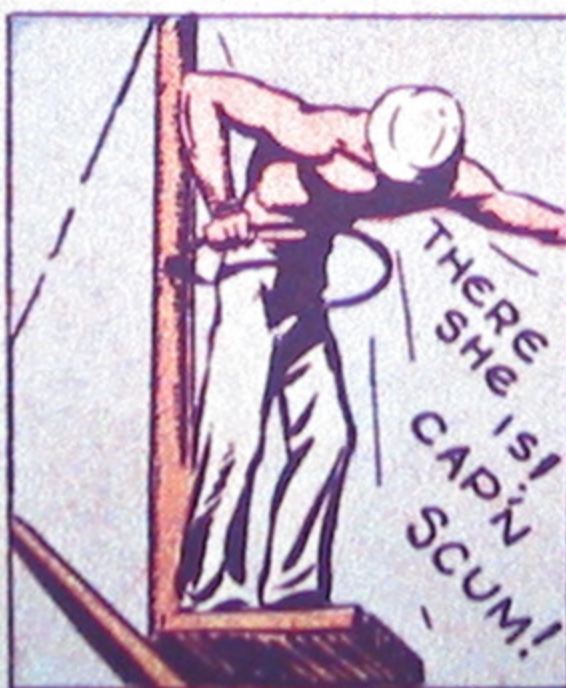




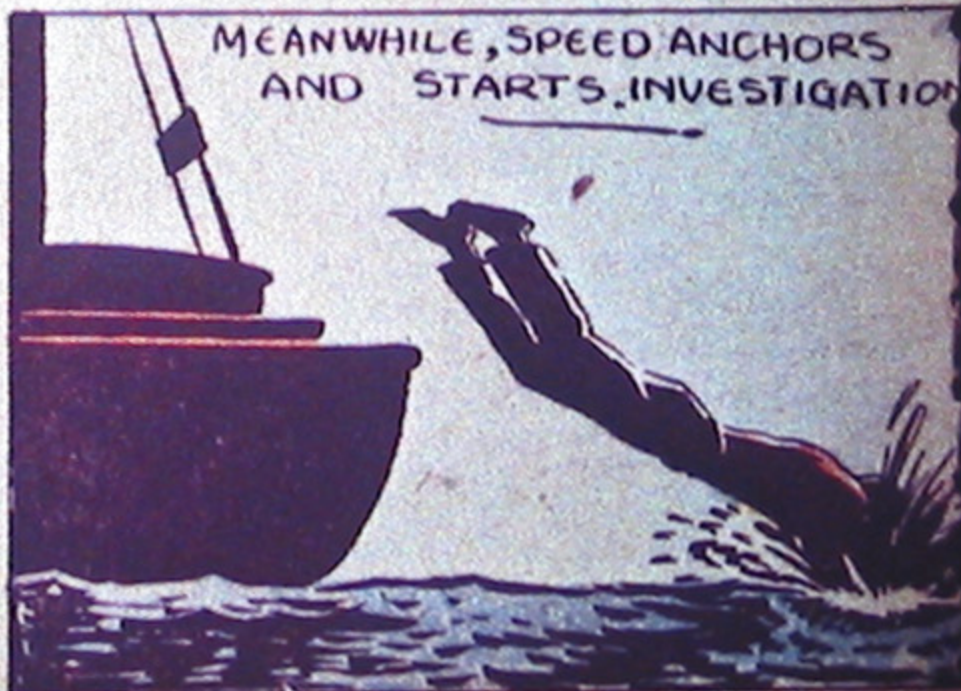
SPEED TRAILS THE MARIA-



LUCKILY THE LOOKOUT'S GAZE IS ON THE HORIZON AND DOES NOT SEE HIM



AT NIGHTFALL THE TWO BOATS COME ALONGSIDE AND UNLOAD CARGO (?)



MEANWHILE, SPEED ANCHORS AND STARTS INVESTIGATION

SPEED SNEAKS
ABOARD THE
FREIGHTER



AND OVERDOWNS
THE GUARD



GOLLY!
LOOK AT
'EM!



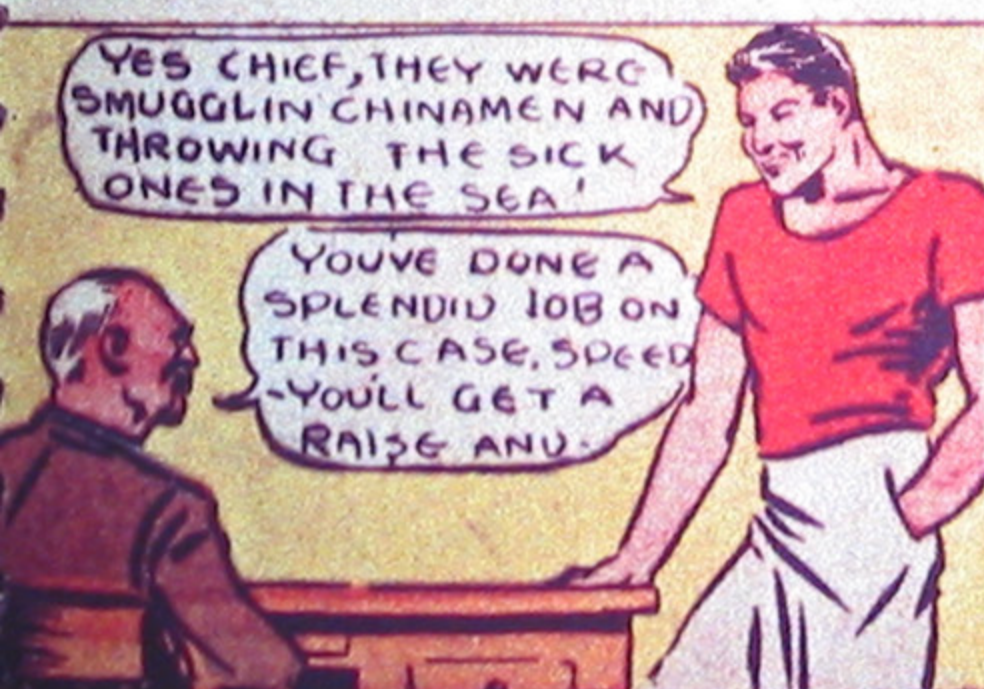
SO YA TROO
DEM IN THE
SEA? AIN'T
THAT NICE,
YOU?



PUT 'EM UP! I'M TAKING
YOU BOYS TO PORT!
I THINK YOU'RE THE
GUYS THE
RIVER POLICE
ARE AFTER!



NOW-CAPN SCUM-
HEAD YOUR BOAT
FOR
PORT!



YES CHIEF, THEY WERE
SMUGGLIN' CHINAMEN AND
THROWING THE SICK
ONES IN THE SEA!

YOU'VE DONE A
SPLENDID JOB ON
THIS CASE, SPEED
-YOU'LL GET A
RAISE AND-



NOW NO RAISE
NO BONUS JUST
A VACATION?

ALL RIGHT
SPEED

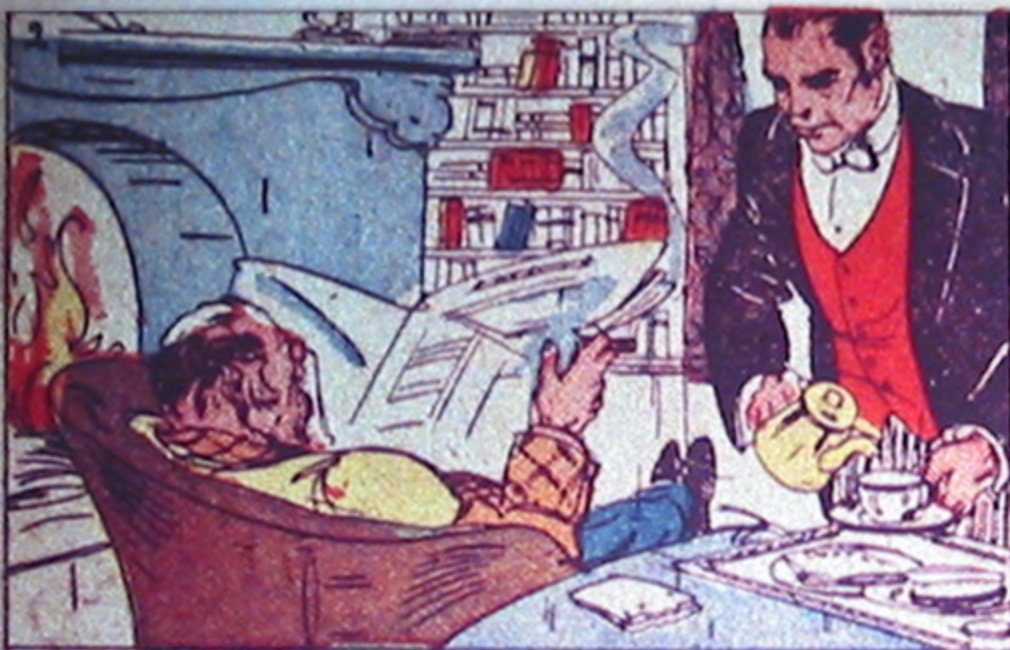
THE
END

COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVEN



THE PALATIAL RESIDENCE OF GREGORY DILLINGWATER, AN ECCENTRIC AND EXTREMELY WEALTHY OLD MAN.



HE LIVES ALONE WITH HIS MANSERVANT, BUCKLEY



DILLINGWATER COLLECTS PRECIOUS GEMS AS A HOBBY



SAY, SIR, IS'NT IT
ATHER UNADVISABLE
KEEPING SUCH VALU-
BLE GEMS ABOUT
THE HOUSE?

TUT, TUT, BUCKLEY! WHAT
WITH THE POLICE AND THIS
MOST MODERN BURGLAR-PROOF
SAFE MADE, WE REALLY HAVE
NOTHING TO FEAR!



HERE IS ONE MAN, HOWEVER, QUITE UNIMPRESS-
ED BY SAFES AND THE POLICE.



LATE ONE NIGHT THERE COMES A STEALTHY
KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

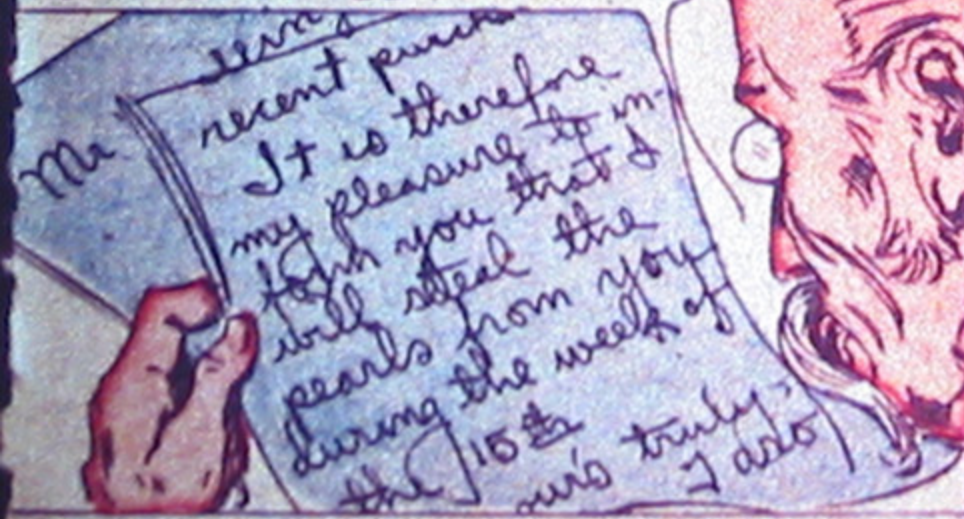


STARTLED, THE BUTLER CAREFULLY PEERS
OUT, --- NO ONE IS THERE!!



BUCKLEY FINDS A LETTER UNDER THE FRONT
DOOR, ADDRESSED TO DILLINGWATER.

WHY! WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?
THE FOOL MUST BE CRAZY!



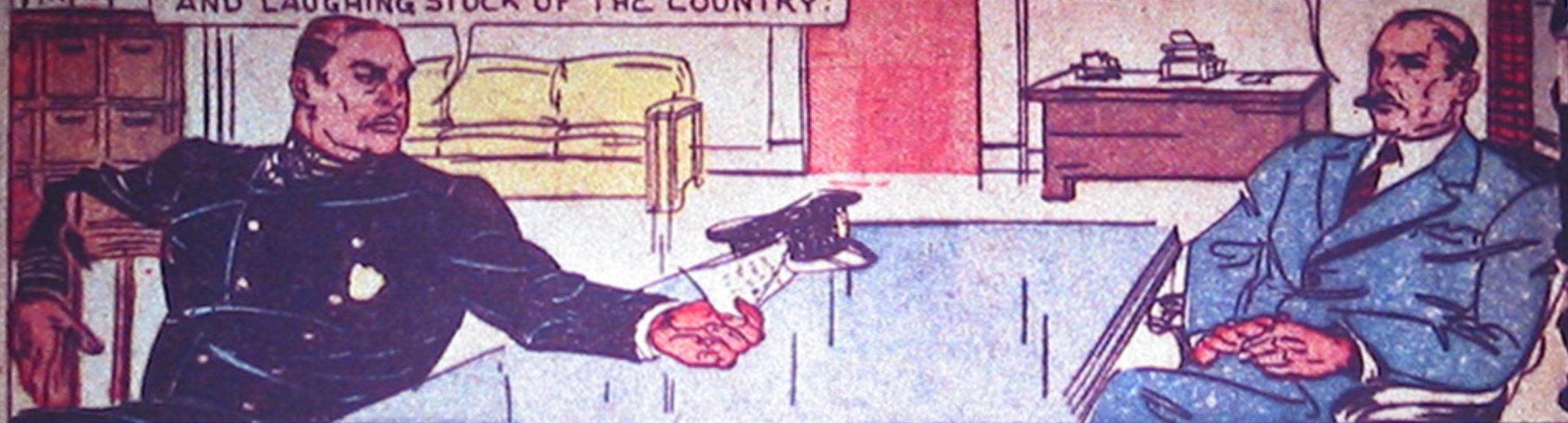
THE LETTER STATES THAT THE PEARLS WILL BE STOLEN
DURING THE WEEK OF THE 15TH, AND IS SIGNED, TARO.



GET IN TOUCH WITH THE POLICE
IMMEDIATELY, BUCKLEY!

13
IT'S TARO ALLRIGHT, THE CLEVEREST
GEM THIEF OF TWO CONTINENTS!
HE'S REPEATEDLY MADE US THE FOOLS
AND LAUGHING STOCK OF THE COUNTRY!

I'M AFRAID WE'RE STUMPED, CAPTAIN
BURKE. THAT MAN IS ABSOLUTELY
CAPTURE-PROOF!



14
WE JUST CAN'T LET HIM GET
AWAY WITH THIS, INSPECTOR,
WE'LL BE ABSOLUTELY
DISGRACED!



15
AH! COSMO!! WHY DIDN'T
I THINK OF HIM BEFORE?
LET'S CALL HIM IN!



16
BAH! I DON'T SEE WHAT HE
CAN DO THAT WE CAN'T!



17
THERE IS NO OTHER WAY! TARO HAS
BEEN PLAYING WITH OUR DEPART-
MENT LIKE A CAT WITH A SLOW-
WITTED CANARY!

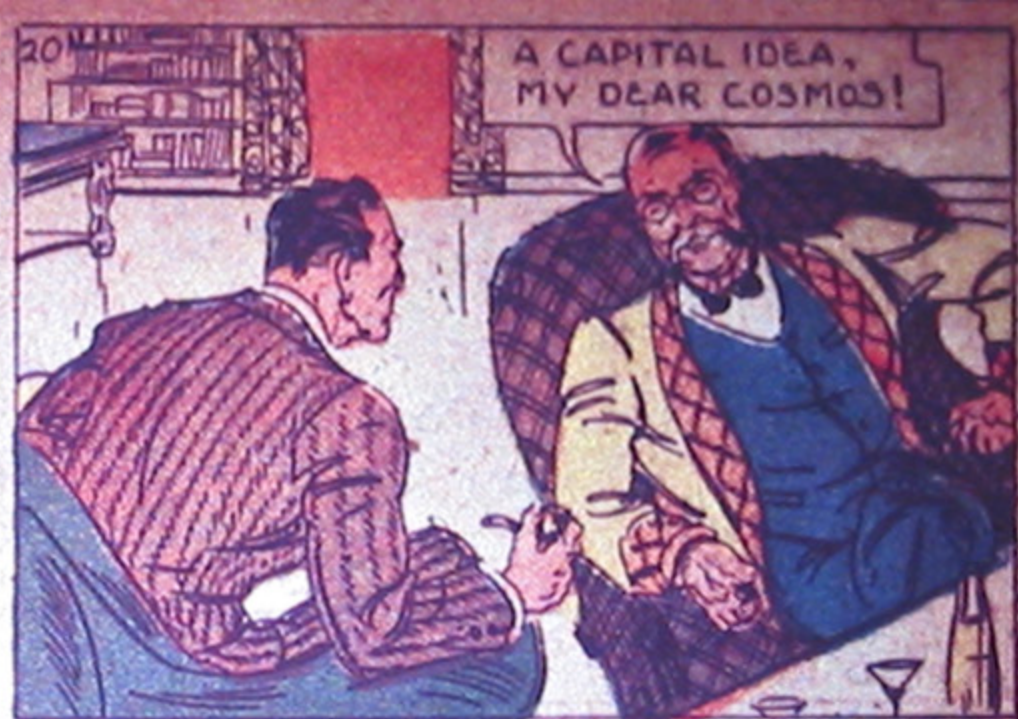


18
ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN
BURKE, I WILL DO
WHAT I CAN TO HELP
YOU!





NEXT DAY..... COSMO CALLS ON DILLINGWATER.



MEANWHILE THE POLICE KEEP A CLOSE VIGIL ON THE DILLINGWATER ESTATE.



TARO CONCEIVES A DARING PLAN - DISGUISSING HIMSELF AS ONE OF THE POLICE - - -



HE STUDIES HIS INTENDED VICTIMS AND GROUNDS.



THE POLICE QUESTION ALL SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS.





THE WEEK OF THE 15TH
A FRUIT-PEDBLER COMES DOWN THE STREET



27

WELL, JOE, HOW'S BUSINESS?

NOT SO VERRA GOOD IF YOU
EAT ALL A DA FRUIT, MEESTER!



TARO CLEVERLY GETS BY THE POLICE, AND
GETS BUCKLEY TO THE BACK-DOOR.



HE LEAPS UPON THE UNSUSPECTING BUCKLEY,
BINDS HIM AND DONS HIS CLOTHES.



OLD DILLINGWATER IS ADMIRING HIS PRECIOUS
PEARLS.



YOUR REFRESH-
MENTS, SIR!

YES! YES! BUCKLEY,
POUR IT, PLEASE.



HE POURS IT AND DROPS A PELLET IN THE GLASS!



SUDDENLY DILLINGWATER SPRINGS UPON TARO, VERPOWERS AND HANDCUFFS HIM.



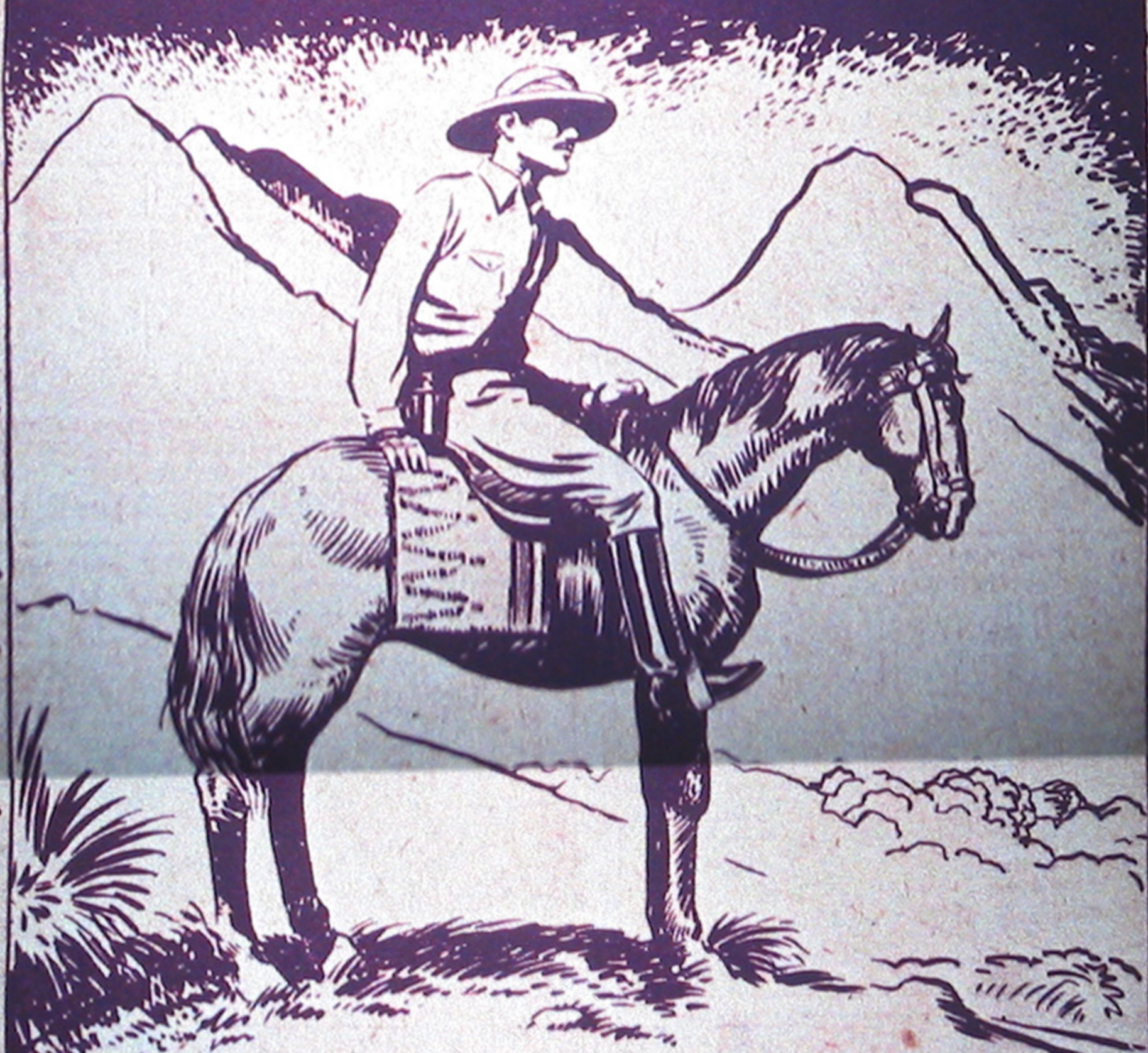
DILLINGWATER STEPS BACK, PULLS OFF THE WIG, AND REVEALS HIMSELF AS COSMO.



THE REAL BUCKLEY IS RELEASED FROM THE CELLAR.



BRET LAWTON



THE ACE INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE IS CONFRONTED WITH A SERIES OF BAFFLING MURDERS. MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE LURK AT EVERY STEP AS HE PENETRATES THE SILENT PERUVIAN JUNGLES.

RISTOBAL, PANAMA. A QUIET TOWN IN
CENTRAL AMERICA WHERE MANY TOURISTS
SPEND THEIR VACATIONS.



"PARDON SENOR LAWTON
THERE IS TELEGRAM FOR YOU
AT THE HOTEL."



BRET LAWTON!



"HERE YOU ARE MISTER BRET. I
GUESS IT'S FROM YOUR GIRL"

"THANKS
JAN."



"NO JAN, ITS FROM MY OLD PAL TIM
MORGAN. HE'S HAVING
TROUBLE AT HIS
HOME IN PERU AND
HE WANTS ME TO
COME DOWN AND
HELP HIM OUT."



"ARE YOU
GOING BRET?"

"YES JAN, I'M
TAKING THE NEXT
BOAT. TIM MORGAN
IS IN TROUBLE."



2 DAYS LATER

HELLO BRET
IT'S DARN
NICE OF YOU
TO COME.

WELL HELLO
TIM. YOU OLE
SON OF A GUN



YES BRET, IT'S MURDER.
HOW? I DO NOT KNOW.
IT'S A STRANGE DEATH!
I'M LICKED-I

WHERE WERE
THEY KILLED
TIM?



"BOTH OF THE MURDERED VICTIMS WERE
FOUND DIRECTLY OUTSIDE THE MINING-
CAMP"

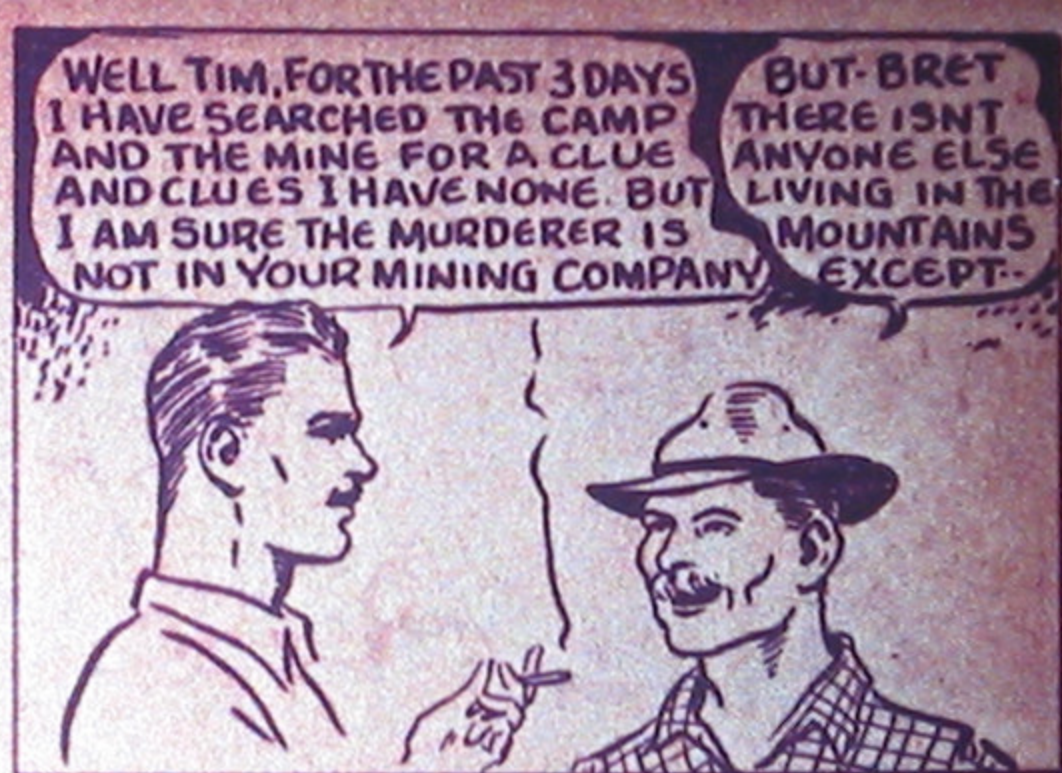
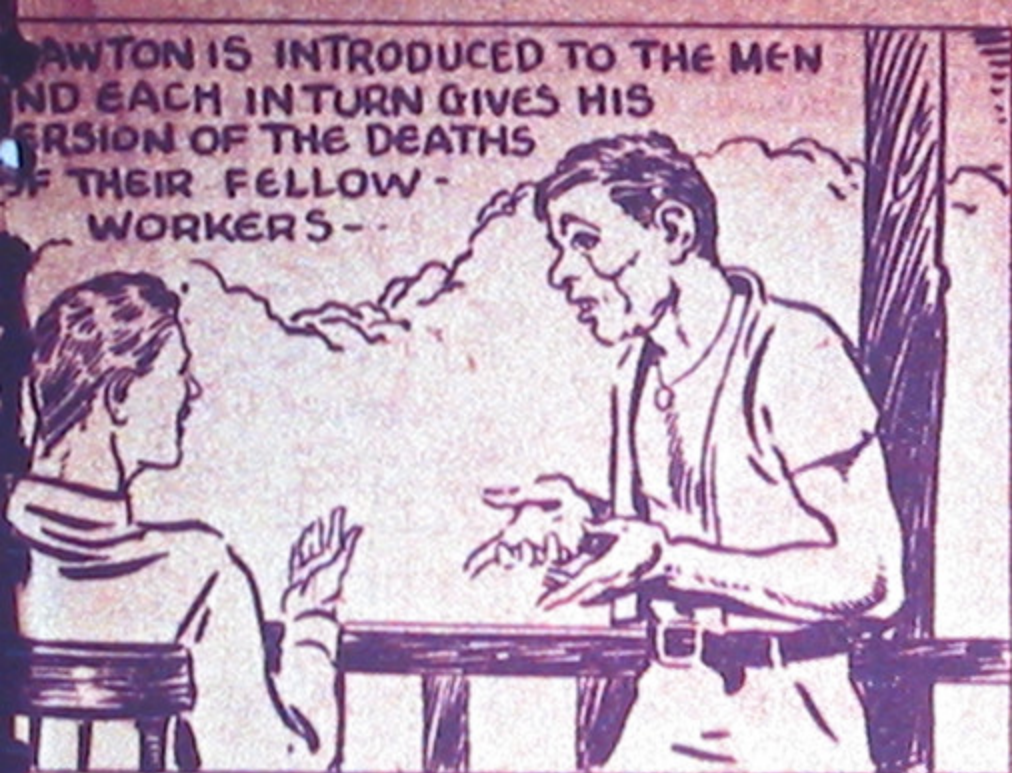


"THEY HAD DIED INSTANTLY BUT NO TRACE
OF FOOTSTEP OR WEAPON COULD BE FOUND
BUT----- ON BOTH OF THE BODIES OF THE
VICTIMS WE FOUND A SMALL HOLE IN
THE FLESH. IT APPEARED TO BE A BULLET
WOUND BUT NEITHER OF THE MEN HAD
BEEN SHOT"



LAWTON SUGGESTS THAT THEY GO
BACK TO THE MINING CAMP AND
INVESTIGATE. MORGAN AGREES AND
AFTER A LONG TIRESOME JOURNEY
THROUGH THE STEAMING JUNGLES
THEY COME TO THE COOLER FOOT
HILLS OF THE ANDES.





IF HE HAD BEEN SHOT OR STABBED I'D SUSPECT A NATIVE BUT THE SMALL HOLE IN HIS NECK MAKES IT A DIFFERENT CASE. THE MURDERER DID NOT WANT THE GEM - SO - GREED WAS NOT THE MOTIVE



THE NATIVES FILLED WITH SUPERSTITION AND FEAR REFUSE TO WORK -



SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE ABOUT THIS, BO. THE NATIVES HAVE QUIT AND WON'T GO BACK TO WORK. IF THIS KEEPS UP THEY'LL GO BACK TO THE COAST AND I'LL HAVE TO CLOSE UP CAMP AND LOSE ABOUT \$1500



WHERE WAS COLLINS LAST WORKING, TIM?

WHY - ER AT AN OLD MINE SHAFT BACK IN THE HILLS. BUT IT'S DESERTED NOW -



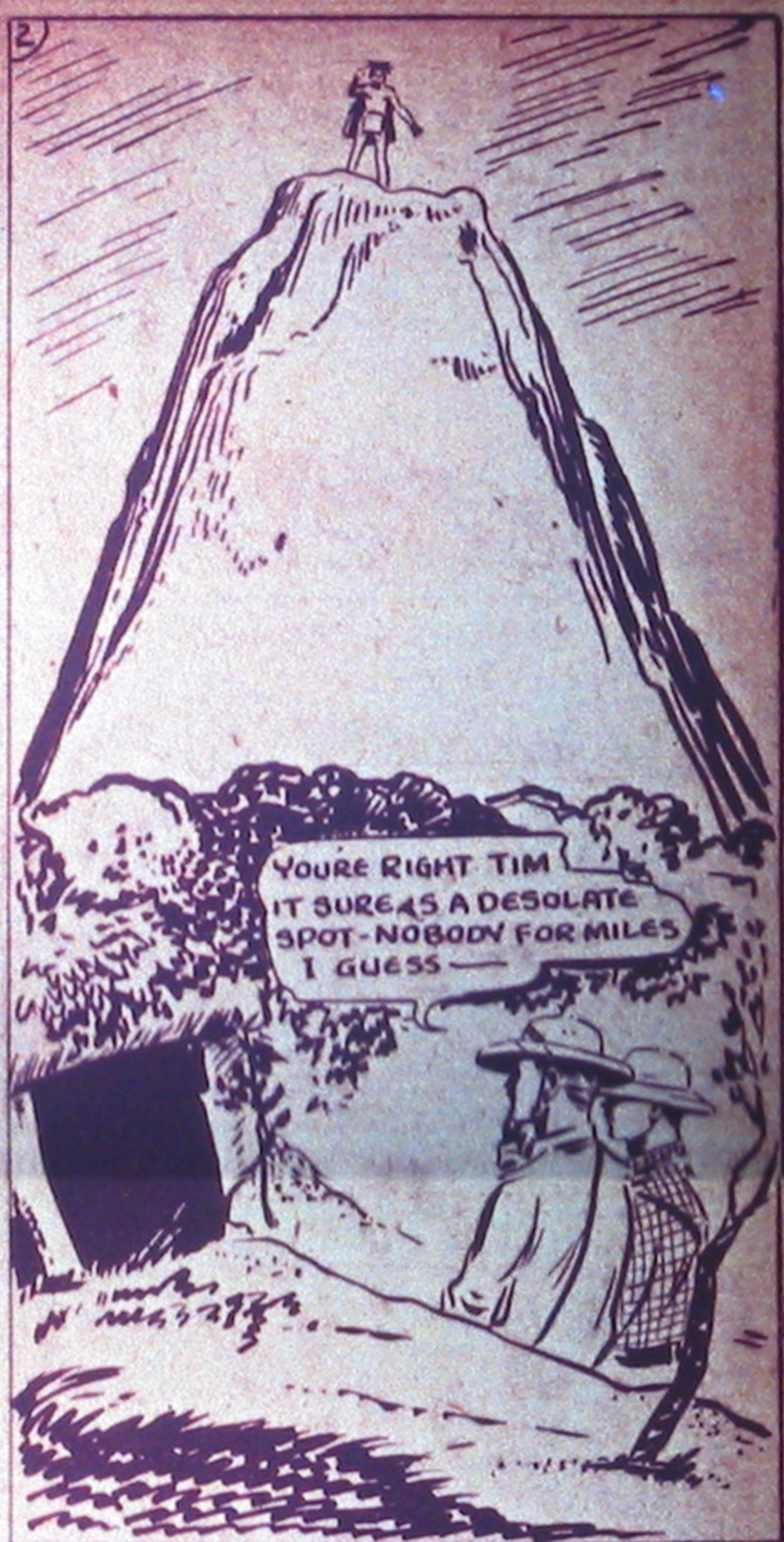
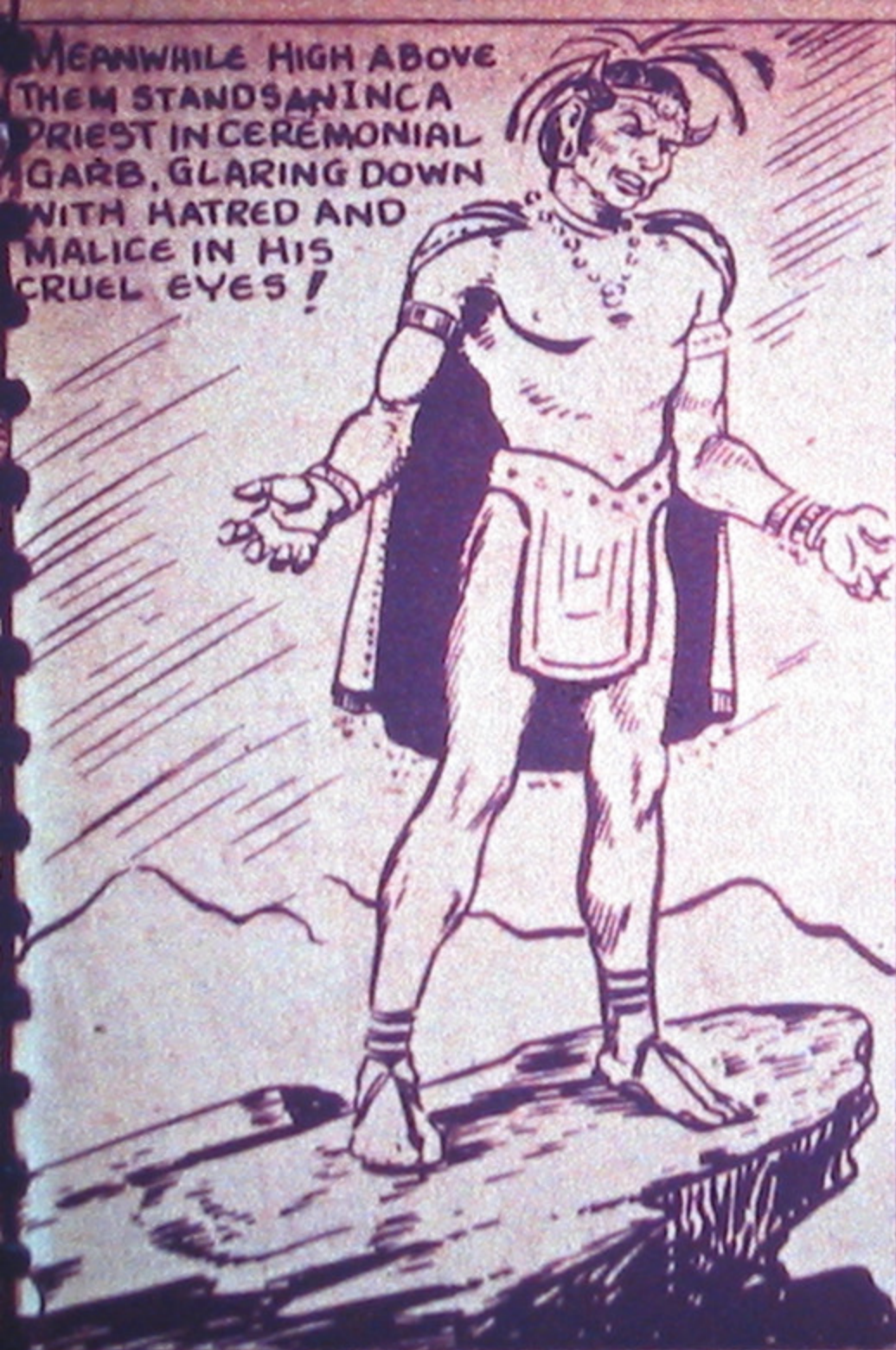
SAY THAT'S NEAR THE SAME PLACE THAT THE OTHER TWO MEN WERE MURDERED - ISN'T IT?

BY GUM - YOU'RE RIGHT, BRET!



THE NEXT DAY BRET AND TIM RIDE TO THE ABANDONED MINE SHAFT IN THE ANDES. THE COUNTRY IS VERY HILLY AND OVERGROWN WITH JUNGLE VEGETATION.





WHO IS THIS MYSTERIOUS INCA PRIEST?
IS HE THE MURDERER?
WILL BRET LAWTON SOLVE THE JUNGLE
MYSTERY?
READ NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE FOR THE
ANSWERS.

THE CLAWS OF

THE RED DRAGON

BY MASON MALCOLM
WHEELER-NICHOLSON
AND TOM HICKEY

HOWEVER, THIS WAS NOT AN ORDINARY DRAGON. THE DRAGON'S FEET WERE ARMED WITH 7 CLAWS, THE SACRED SYMBOL OF THE IMPERIAL RULERS OF CHINA!

IT'S THE REAL THING
ALL RIGHT! THE 7 CLAWED
DRAGON! I THINK I'LL LOOK
INTO THIS.

A MURKY, WET NIGHT IN SAN FRANCISCO. IN A SIDE STREET STANDS THE LEAN, SINEWY FIGURE OF NELSON GAZING AT AN ILLUMINATED SIGN. IT FORMS A CHINESE DRAGON, ODDLY OUT OF PLACE AMONGST THE GREAT BULK OF LOFTS AND OFFICE BUILDINGS



A CHINESE RESTAURANT
SEEMS A BIT OUT OF PLACE
DOWN HERE. WELL, MAYBE
A LITTLE CHOW MEIN WOULD
SATISFY BOTH MY APPETITE
AND MY CURIOSITY.



WELL, NO ONE HERE!
I GUESS YOU SIT WHERE
YOU FEEL LIKE.



SEVERAL MINUTES PASSED WHILE NELSON
SAT THERE AND GREW UNCOMFORTABLE FEEL-
ING, SOMEHOW, THAT HE WAS BEING WATCHED.



AT LAST, BECOMING IMPATIENT, HE RAPPED SMART-
LY WITH HIS SEAL RING AGAINST A WATER GLASS.



IN RAPPING ON THE GLASS NELSON IS CAREFUL
TO USE THE HEAVY GOLD PART OF THE RING.
THE CENTER OF THE RING IS MADE OF VERY
FINE RED JADE DONE IN THE LIKENESS OF A
CLAWED DRAGON'S FOOT.



THERE WAS NO RESPONSE, EXCEPT WHAT HE IM-
AGINED WAS A STEALTHY WHISPERING FROM THE
SHADOWS AT THE FAR END OF THE ROOM.



MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE
BROUGHT A SANDWICH.-
HEY! HOW ABOUT
SOME SERVICE??

THERE FOLLOWED THE SOFT PAD
OF UNSHOD FEET IN THE HALLWAY....
NELSON HEARS THE CLICK OF THE
BOLT ON THE DOOR BEING SHOT HOME.



WHAT THE DICKENS!

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE CLICKING OF THE BOLT, THE EERIE SILENCE PERSISTS.

ISAY! - ISN'T THERE A WAITER AROUND?



- STILL NO RESPONSE -

I'LL GET SOMETHING TO EAT HERE IF I HAVE TO COOK IT MY-SELF!



13

AS NELSON STARTS TO RISE HE SUDDENLY BE- COMES AWARE OF A HUMAN FORM LOOMING ABOVE HIM.

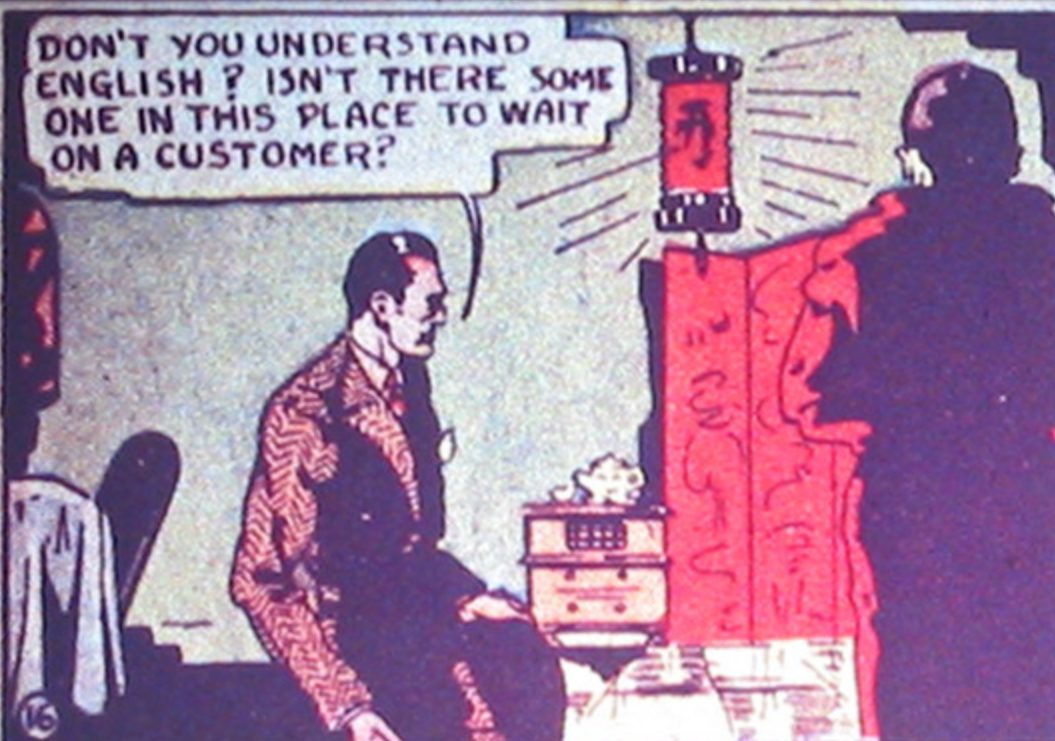
YOU STARTLED ME. WHERE DID YOU DROP FROM?

HIM.



14

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND ENGLISH? ISN'T THERE SOME ONE IN THIS PLACE TO WAIT ON A CUSTOMER?



15

THE SINISTER, SILENT FORM SEEMED TO TOWER OVER NELSON.



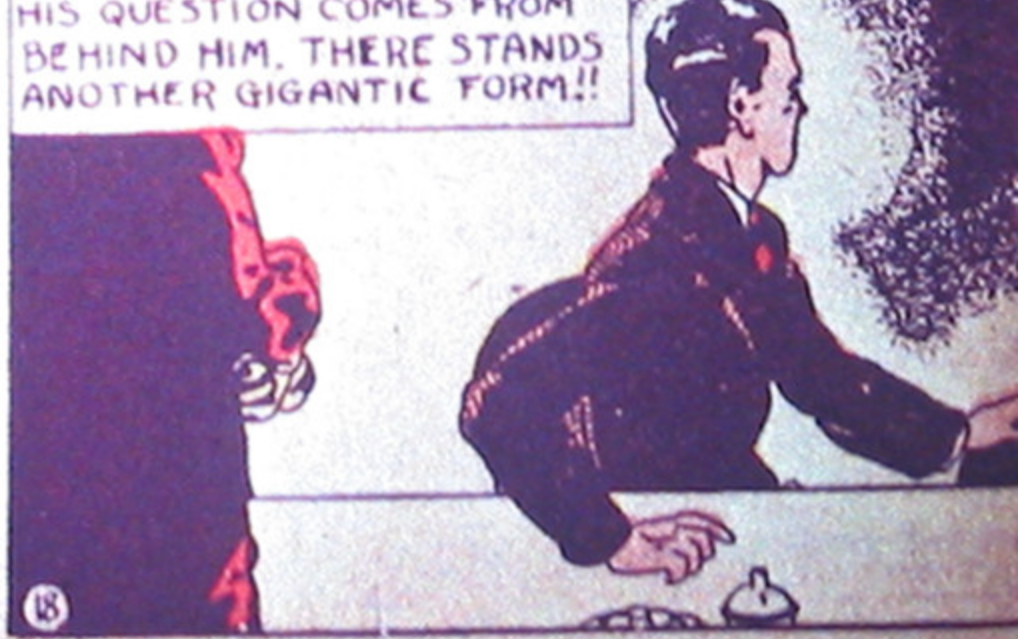
16

THE MAN BEFORE HIM SILENTLY BOWS HIS HEAD - THEN -



17

NELSON WHIRLS IN ASTON- ISHMENT AS THE ANSWER TO HIS QUESTION COMES FROM BEHIND HIM. THERE STANDS ANOTHER GIGANTIC FORM!!



18

THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A RESTAURANT, ISN'T IT? HAVEN'T YOU ANY MENU?

NO, I AM SORRY. WE HAVE NO MENU.

Y GOSH! IS THIS AN EATING JOINT OR ISN'T IT? HAVEN'T YOU AT LEAST SOME HAM AND EGGS?

WELL, HAVEN'T YOU ANYTHING TO EAT HERE? ROAST DUCK AND RICE—CHOW MEIN—CHOP SUEY—THERE MUST BE SOMETHING!

WHEN THE WAITER RETURNED HE NOT ONLY ARRANGED NELSON'S TABLE BUT SET TWO PLACES AT AN ADJOINING TABLE.

DON'T TELL ME SOME ONE ELSE IS CRAZY ENOUGH TO COME HERE.

LOOKS LIKE GUESTS ARE EXPECTED, JUDGING FROM THE PREPARATIONS THEY ARE MORE WELCOME THAN I.

THE DOOR IS UNLOCKED. TWO RED LANTERNS ARE LIT. THAT THE STAGE WAS SET FOR ONE WAS EVIDENT. NELSON GOT HIS HUNCH IN HIS INTEREST AND CURIOSITY IN THE PREPARATIONS...

AFTER NELSON WAS SERVED HIS HAM AND EGGS THE WAITER WENT TO THE OPPOSITE WALL AND LIGHTED TWO TINY TAPERS BEFORE AN IMAGE OF BUDDHA BELOW WHICH THERE WERE THE LETTERS "BUDDHA IS ETERNAL" EMBROIDERED IN VERMILION.

SEVERAL MINUTES PASSED IN SILENCE, AND THEN NELSON HEARD THE SLIDE AND CREAK OF A CAR COMING TO A STOP OUTSIDE.

THIS MUST BE THE PLACE



SOON THERE WERE VOICES AT THE DOOR. ONE, THE DEEP AND RESONANT VOICE OF A MAN, SPEAKING WITH THE TRACE OF AN ACCENT. THE OTHER IS CLEAR, BEAUTIFUL CONTRALTO VOICE OF A WOMAN. THE LATTER VOICE FACINATES NELSON

BOY! THAT'S A VOICE IN A MILLION



BY NOW THREE CHINESE HAD APPEARED OUT OF THE DARKNESS. ONE STOOD AT THE VACANT AND WAITING TABLE, THE OTHER JUST INSIDE THE DOOR, AND THE THIRD WAS GREETING THE NEWCOMERS.



THE TWO STRANGERS

I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE, FATHER.

DON'T BE FOOLISH, LIEB SCHAEN



ACROSS HIS VISION PASSED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL HIS EYES HAD EVER BEHELD. ...



NELSON STARED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE VOICES BUT THE SHADOW CAUSED BY THE BULK OF THE CHINESE AT THE DOOR OBSCURED THE STRANGERS.

-THEN-



AS THE GROSSER BULK OF THE MAN PASSED, NELSON STARTED IN ASTONISHMENT AS HIS GAZE FELL ON THE RING WORN BY THE NEWCOMER.



GOOD LORD! HIS RING IS IDENTICAL WITH MINE



THAT'S A STRANGE COINCIDENCE! - VERY STRANGE.



HIS EYES THEN FELL ON THE CHINESE WAITER. HE SEEMED TO HAVE BECOME TENSE, REMINDING ONE OF A PANTHER GETTING READY TO SPRING...



NELSON'S INTEREST AND CURIOSITY NOW REDOUBLED AS HE WATCHED THEM SEATED.



I FEEL UNEASY. SOMETHING QUEER IS GOING ON HERE OR I'M A CHINAMAN!



ONCE AGAIN NELSON'S EYES SWEEPED TOWARDS THE GIRL. HIS HEART THROBBED STRANGELY AS HE GAZED UPON HER. HE FELT SURE SHE WAS IN DANGER HERE ...



FROM THE SHADOWS IN THE REAR AGAIN CAME THE STRANGE, FAINT, CHILLING MURMURS.



THRU THE SHADOWS CAME A QUICK GLEAM AS OF LIGHT STRIKING STEEL.



NELSON SMILES AT HIS THOUGHTS.



BUNK! PROBABLY MY IMAGINATION. MAYBE I'VE BEEN READING TOO MANY MYSTERY NOVELS LATELY.

AT THIS MOMENT THE GIRL LOOKED IN HIS DIRECTION. THEIR GLANCES MET AND CLUNG....



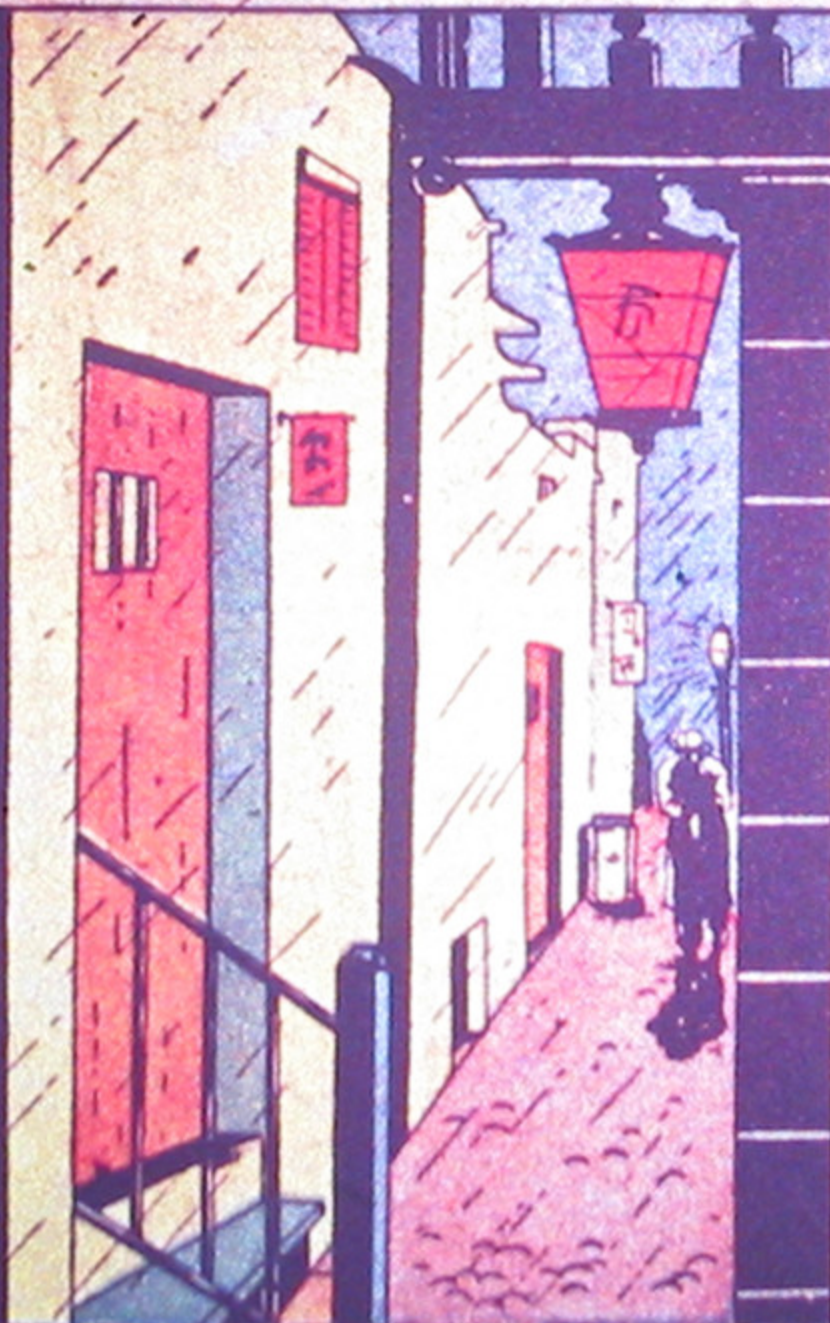
THEN SHE BROKE THE CONTACT AND A FAINTLY TROUBLED LOOK PASSED OVER HER FACE.

YOU LOOK WORRIED, MY DEAR

I FEEL NERVOUS IN THESE SURROUNDINGS.



A STEALTHY FIGURE GLIDED SWIFTLY UP A DARK ALLEY LEADING TO THE BACK OF THE RESTAURANT.



THEY PROCEED ALONG A DARK PASSAGEWAY CONVERSING IN LOW GUTTURAL TONES.



THE FIGURE RAPS AT THE REAR DOOR. A HUGE, SINISTER-LOOKING CHINESE ADMITS HIM



THE PASSAGE ENTERS INTO A RICHLY DECORATED ROOM. AN IMPOSING CHINESE DOMINATES THE ROOM.



THE GIRL'S FATHER SHOT A PIERCING LOOK IN NELSON'S DIRECTION. THE TWO MEN GAVE A BARELY PERCEPTIBLE NOD.



SHORTLY TWO CHINESE ARRIVED AND SERVED THE COUPLE.



TO NELSON'S SURPRISE THEY ARE SERVED A FULL COURSE DINNER, ALL THE CHINESE DELICACIES AND TRIMMINGS THAT HAD BEEN DENIED HIM!

WELL, CAN YOU BEAT THAT?!

-WAITER!



HE HAD DIFFICULTY REPRESSING A FAINT START WHEN HE FOUND THE MAN LOOMING CLOSELY OVER HIS SHOULDER.



-WHA! - SAY, WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF REFUSING ME A FULL COURSE DINNER?

WITHOUT ANSWERING THE MAN PLACED THE CHECK BESIDE HIS PLATE.

I'LL ASK FOR THE CHECK WHEN I WANT IT!



FURTHERMORE, BRING ME SOME TEA, NUTS AND FRUIT, -PRONTO!



VELLY SORRY! NO TEA - NO NUTS - NO FRUIT -

THE TENSE NERVOUS FEELING CREATED BY THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE PLACE WAS PUTTING HIS NERVES ON EDGE. HE NOTICED THAT THE GIRL ALSO SEEMED NERVOUS. HER FOOD WAS SCARCELY TOUCHED.



ONCE OR TWICE SHE GLANCED HIS WAY. NELSON IMAGINED HE SAW A LITTLE FEAR AND SOMETHING LIKE APPEAL IN HER EYES.



BY THIS TIME THE FORCE OF WAITERS HAD INCREASED. TWO HOVERED ABOUT HIS OWN TABLE WHILE THREE WERE AT THE TABLE WHERE THE TWO STRANGERS SAT.



NELSON OBSERVED THAT ONLY ONE WAITER WAS SERVING THE COUPLE WHILE THE OTHER TWO STOOD CLOSE TO THE CHAIRS OF FATHER AND DAUGHTER RESPECTIVELY. THERE WAS MENACE IN THEIR CROUCHED AND TENSE ATTITUDE...



SOME THING'S GOING
TO POP HERE, AND
VERY SHORTLY, TOO!



THE RUSTLE AND WHISPER FROM THE REAR
OF THE KITCHEN HAD ALMOST COMPLETELY
DIED DOWN AND THE PLACE WAS IN SILENCE.
BUT, THE SILENCE HAD BECOME OMINOUS, LIKE
THE TENSE STILLNESS THAT USHERS IN A
STORM...

AND IN THAT
RICHLY DECORATED
REAR CHAMBER—

THRU A DEVICE RESEMB-
LING A PERISCOPE, THE
ENTIRE BUILDING CAN BE
SURVEYED...



STRIKE NOW!
AND NO SLIPS!

THE WAITER, SEEMINGLY ACCIDENTALLY, DROPS
A TRAY OF BOWLS NEAR THE TWO GUESTS.
THEIR ATTENTION BECOMES CENTERED ON
THIS FOR A SECOND.



NELSON ROSE WITH A WARNING SHOUT AS
THE TWO WAITERS BEHIND THE BACKS OF THE
BLACK BEARDED MAN AND HIS BEAUTIFUL
DAUGHTER MADE A SINGLE SWIFT STEP FOR-
WARD, HOLDING SOMETHING WHITE IN THEIR
HANDS...

LOOK OUT!



HIS WARNING CAME TOO LATE,
FOR THE SQUARES OF WHITE
SILK DESCENDED WITH LIGHT-
LIKE SPEED OVER THE HEADS
OF THE TWO DINERS!!



HE SAW NO MORE, FOR AT THAT SAME IN-
STANT THE SOFT FOLDS OF SOME HEAVY
SILK MATERIAL DROPPED AROUND HIS OWN
HEAD, NEARLY STIFLING HIM



HE LUNGED FORWARD, UPSETTING THE
TABLE, ONLY TO HAVE HIS LEGS KICKED OUT
FROM UNDER HIM, AND A COIL OF ROPE TIGHT-
ENED ABOUT HIS ARMS WHILE STRONG HANDS
SEIZED HIM.



GUMSHOE GUS

By BILL PATRICK



BOYS—DID I EVER TELL YUH ABOUT TH' TIME I CAPTURED "LOUIE TH' LUMP" AND HIS GANG?—WELL—

CHANGE YER TUNE GUS—YOU'VE WORN THAT ONE OUT!

YEAH—THE FIRST THING YUH KNOW YOU'LL BE 'BELIEVIN' IT YERSELF!

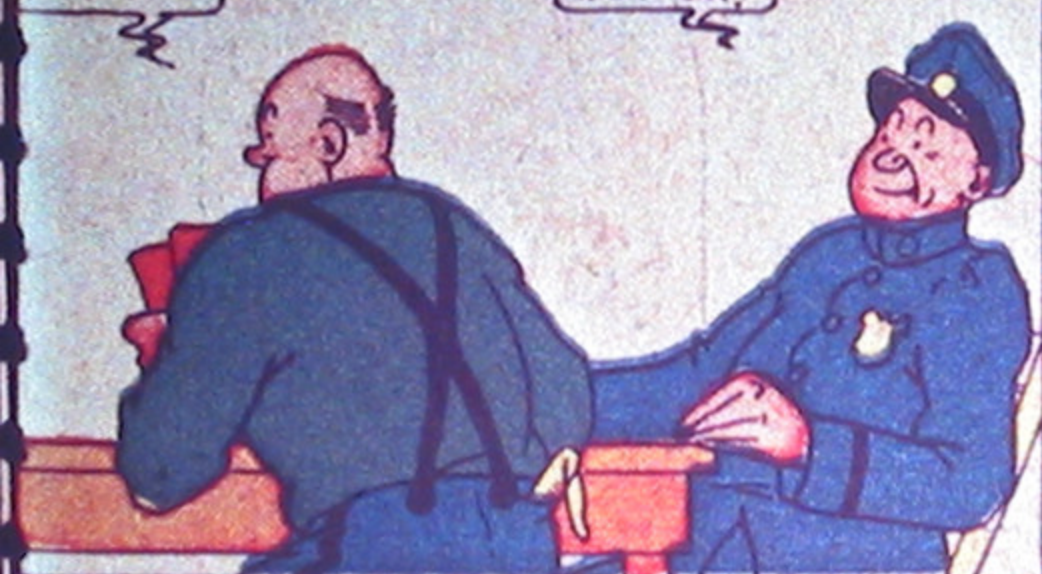


—AN' THE TIME "SQUINTY SQUIB" TIED ME UP AN' GAGGED ME!



IT'S TOO BAD HE DIDN'T LEAVE TH' GAG ON!

I SECOND THE MOTION!



YOU FLAT-FEET ARE JUST JEALOUS BECAUSE TH' CHIEF GIVES ME ALL TH' TOUGH JOBS!

THAT'S RIGHT, IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY—YOU WERE ASSIGNED TO TH' DOG SHOW LAST TIME!



YEAH—AN' I'LL NEVER FORGET TH' LOOK ON GUS' FACE WHEN TH' JUDGES GAVE HIM TH' BLUE RIBBON FOR BEIN' TH' BEST POODLE IN TH' SHOW!



AW!—AIN'T NO USE TALKIN' T' YOU MUGS—YOU'RE JUST GREEN WITH ENVY!



HEY, GUS—THE
CHIEF WANTS
TO SEE YUH!

PROBABLY WANTS ME
TO GO OUT AN' SOLVE
A MURDER OR A BANK
ROBBERY!

GUS, YOU'VE GOTTA GO OUT
TO MRS GOTLOTZ HOUSE—
THERE'S A BIG AFFAIR ON
AND YOU'VE GOTTA KEEP
YOUR EYES ON THE JEWELS!

DON'T WORRY, CHIEF—
I'LL KEEP ME GIMLET EY
ON TH' WHOLE WORKS!

YOUR NYME, SIR—
AVE YOU HAN
H'INVITATION?

I DON'T NEED NONE—
I'M TH' POLICE!

VERY GOOD, SIR—
YOU MAY HENTER

SAY!—DIDN'T YOU DO A
STRETCH UP TH'
RIVER?

H'I SIR?—OH, NO, SIR—H'I DO MY
STRETCHING H'IN THE
MORNING WHEN H'I
H'ARISE, SIR—DAILY
DOZEN SO TO SPEAK!

WHAT ARE YOUR DOOTIES
HERE?—WHAT'S YER
NAME?

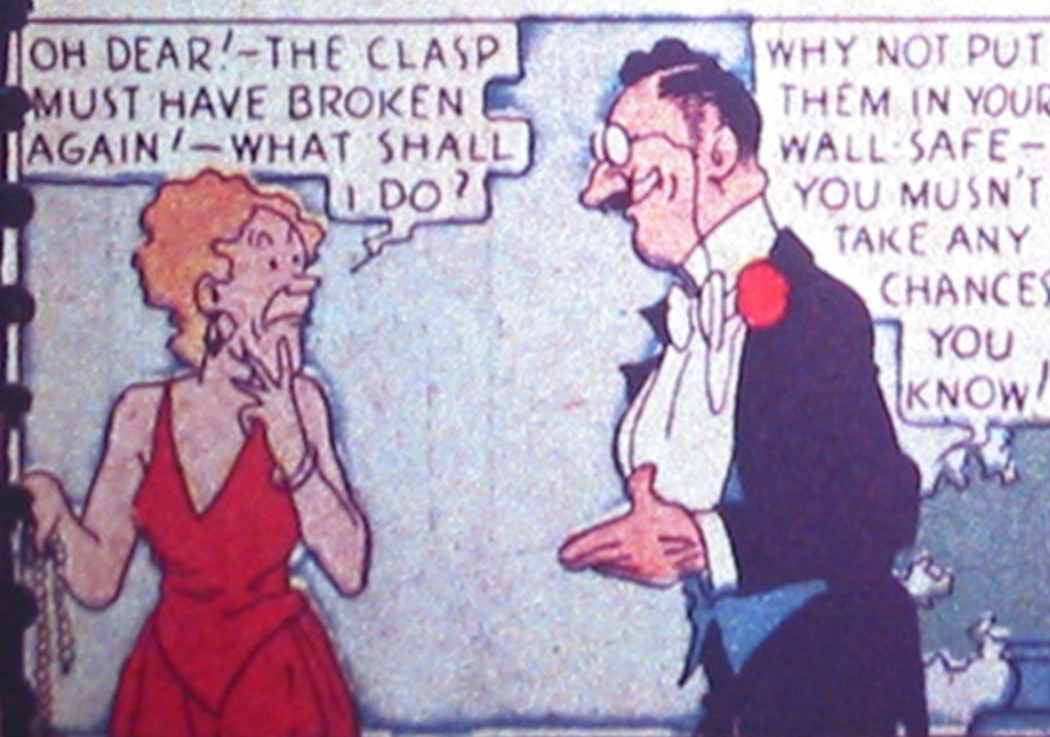
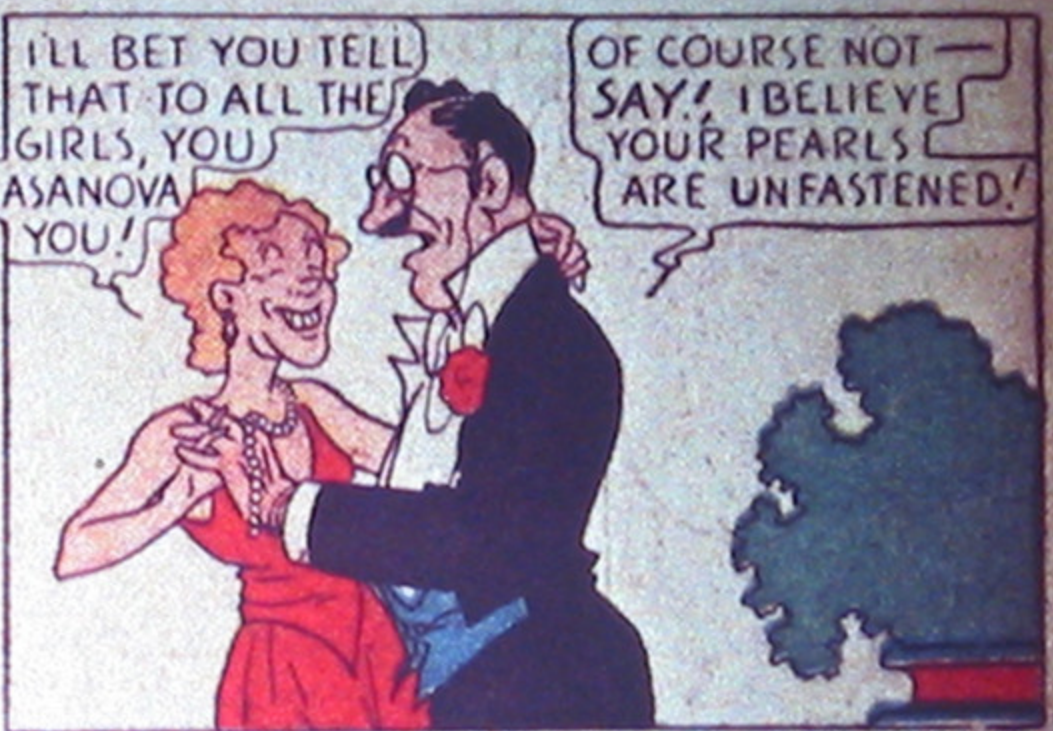
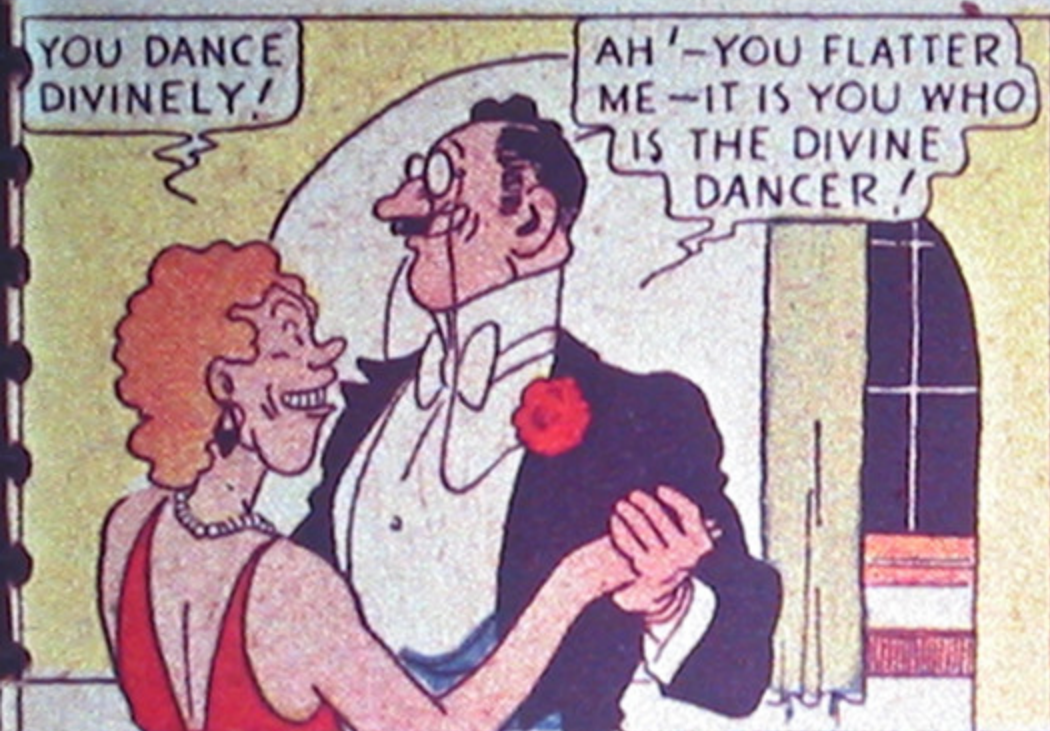
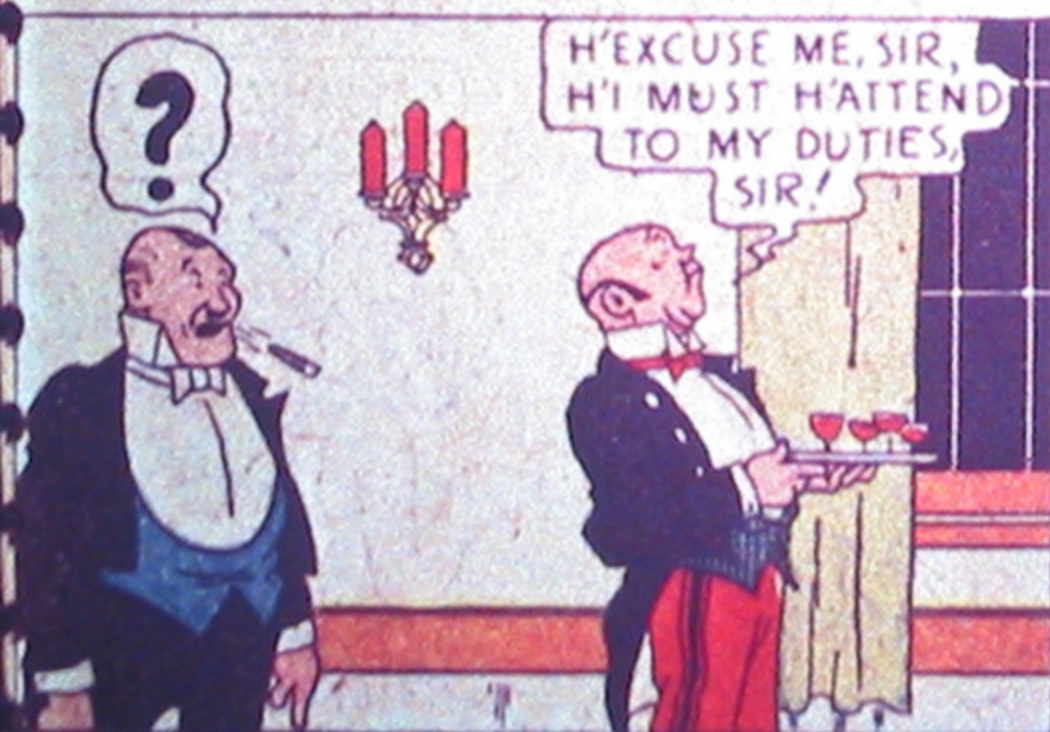
H'I'M BUTLER
H'AROUND HERE, MY—

SO!—WORKIN' UNDER
AN ALIAS, EH!—WHAT
OTHER NAME DO YUH
USE BESIDES **BUTLER**?

H'I MEAN, SIR, MY
DUTIES ARE THOSE
OF BUTLER—H'I
SHALL NOTIFY MADAM
THAT YOU ARE HERE!

HOW DO YOU DO—I AM
MRS GOTLOTZ—I'M SO
GLAD YOU'VE COME—ONE
NEVER KNOWS WHAT SORT OF
PEOPLE MAY TRY TO THRUST
THEMSELVES
UPON ONE!

I DON'T KNOW WHICH
ONE YUH MEAN—BUT
DON'T WORRY ABOUT
IT—I'GGT ME
GIMLET EYE OPE





BART REGAN'S AGENTS SPY

JEROME
SIEGEL
JOE SHUSTER

BART REGAN IS ASTOUNDED TO RECEIVE A NOTICE DISCHARGING HIM FROM FURTHER SERVICE AS A FEDERAL AGENT

LOOK HERE, CHIEF, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

NOW, DON'T GET EXCITED, REGAN! I'VE AN ORDER FROM HIGHER UP TO APPARENTLY FIRE YOU. IN REALITY, YOU'RE TO BE TRANSFERRED TO THE SECRET SPY DETAIL. REPORT TO ROOM 2048 -- GOOD LUCK, BART!

WHEN BART REACHES ROOM 2048

MAYBE YOU'D RATHER BE A FEDERAL MAN AS YOU SAY, BUT YOU MUST FORGET PERSONAL PREFERENCES. YOU SEE, YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU BADLY -- AS A SPY. WE ARE BEING HARRIED BY FOREIGN ESPIONAGE AGENTS AND WHILE WE MUST PROTECT OURSELVES, CANNOT COME OUT IN THE OPEN WILL YOU ACCEPT?

IF THAT'S THE CASE, I WILL

YOU REALIZE OF COURSE, YOU WILL NOT REPRESENT THE UNITED STATES OFFICIALLY, THAT IF YOU GET IN A TIGHT SPOT WE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE AND ASSIST YOU -- YOU'VE GOT TO SACRIFICE YOUR PERSONAL LIFE AND ALL THOUGHTS OF MARRIAGE

I'M SORRY, SON WE'RE PRACTICALLY ASKING YOU TO FORGET ALL YOU'VE EVER DREAMED AND -- DASH IT ALL! -- WE CAN'T EVEN GIVE YOU PUBLIC CREDIT FOR WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

IT'S ALL IN THE GAME, I GUESS.

A GREAT SORROW STIFLES BART'S HEART AS HE ATTEMPTS TO SEVER THE LAST TIE WHICH BINDS HIM TO HIS FORMER LIFE

I GUESS OUR AFFAIR WAS ALL A MISTAKE, SALLY. SO LONG -- AND GOOD LUCK!

HE PHONES SALLY, NORRIS, HIS FIANCEE AND FALSELY TELLS HER HE NO LONGER LOVES HER

BUT SALLY HAS OTHER IDEAS

BART! -- HE HUNG UP! -- HE DOESN'T FOOL ME. I KNOW HE STILL LOVES ME -- WELL, HE'LL SOON LEARN I'M HARD TO SHAKE OFF



THAT EVENING... FOLLOWING ORDERS, BART DONS AN ARMY CAPTAIN'S UNIFORM. HE IS TO ATTEND A SOCIAL GATHERING AS "CAPTAIN MARKHAM" AND MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF OLGA GALINOFF, WHO IS SUSPECTED OF USING HER CHARMS TO WORM VALUABLE ARMY SECRETS OUT OF YOUNG OFFICERS

I WONDER WHAT ONE SHOULD SAY UPON BEING INTRODUCED TO A BEAUTIFUL FEMALE SPY



SALLY, DRIVING TO BART'S RESIDENCE IN THE HOPE OF AGAIN AROUSING HIS INTEREST IN HER, GLIMPSES HIM DRIVE OFF IN A TAXI

FOLLOW THAT TAXI, DRIVER! — SO! HE BREAKS OUR ENGAGEMENT THEN GOES OUT TO CELEBRATE!



WILL YOU PLEASE ANNOUNCE ME, BUTLER? I'M CAPTAIN MARKHAM

"REGAN" TO ME -- DON'T WORRY BUDDY I'M A GOVERNMENT MAN, TOO. I'LL POINT OUT OLGA TO YOU



BART ARRIVES AT HIS DESTINATION

WHY SALLY NORRIS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

CRASHING YOUR PARTY. — SAY, WOULD YOU PLEASE INTRODUCE ME TO THAT HANDSOME OFFICER OVER THERE?



SALLY ARRIVES

BART AND OLGA GALINOFF ARE INTERRUPTED

CAPTAIN MARKHAM, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET SALLY NORRIS

YOU' — I — WHY —

CERTAINLY! I'D BE DELIGHTED TO DANCE WITH YOU!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY PULLING ME OUT ON THE FLOOR? — HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

WELL, WELL, SO YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW!



DO I HAVE TO SHOUT
IT FROM THE HOUSE-
TOPS TO MAKE YOU
UNDERSTAND? **WE'RE
THRU!** -- AND FOR
PETE'S SAKE **DON'T
CALL ME "BART"!**

I'LL CALL YOU
ANYTHING
YOU WANT, DEAR
IF YOU'LL ONLY
BE NICE TO ME



PARDON, CAPTAIN!
MAY I CUT IN?

WITH PLEASURE!
TAKE HER;
SHE'S YOURS!



BART RETURNS TO OLGA

THAT IMPUDENT
GIRL SEEMED QUITE
ATTRACTED TO YOU.

NEVER MIND
HER. LET'S TALK
ABOUT YOU



YOU LOOK CAPABLE,
AS THO YOU'D BE
IN THE CONFIDENCE
OF YOUR SUPERIORS

SURE, THEY
TELL ME
EVERYTHING

CAREFUL!
I SHOULDN'T
HAVE SAID THAT
...! SHE'LL BE
SUSPICIOUS IF
I ACT TOO
DUMB



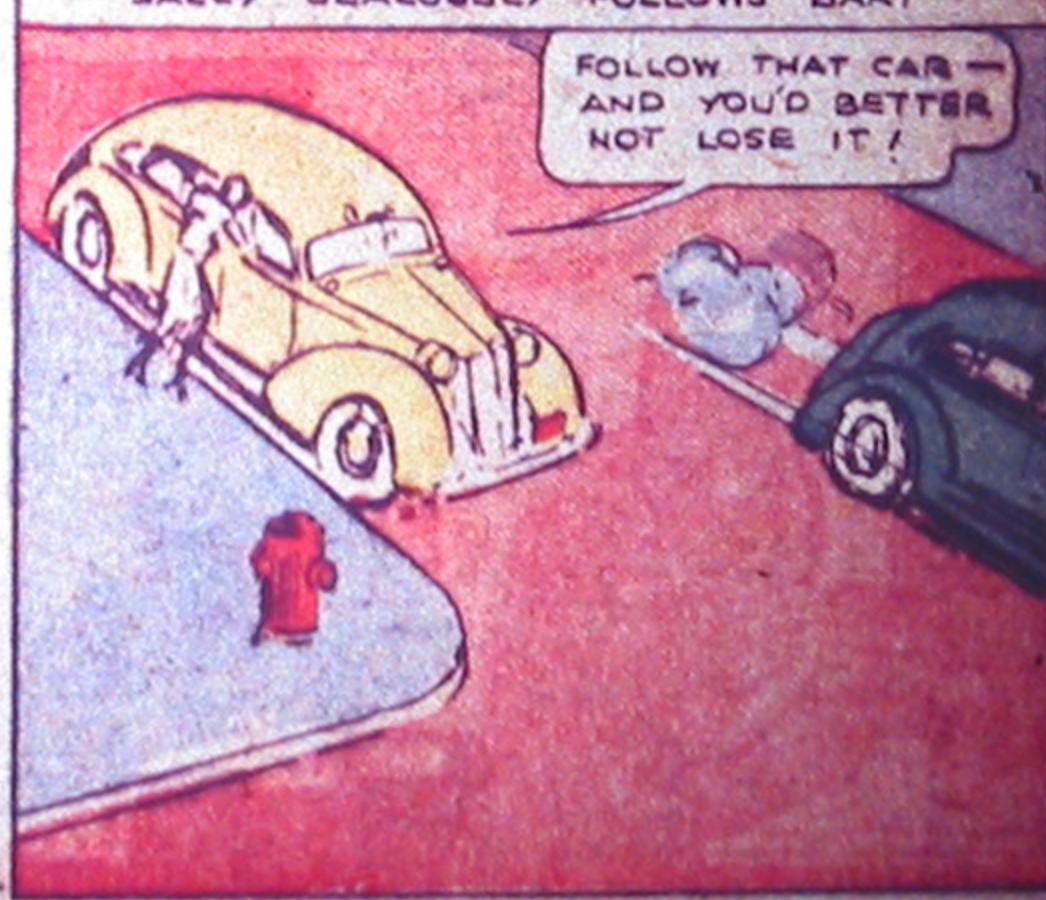
I'M WEARY.
WILL YOU SEE
ME HOME?

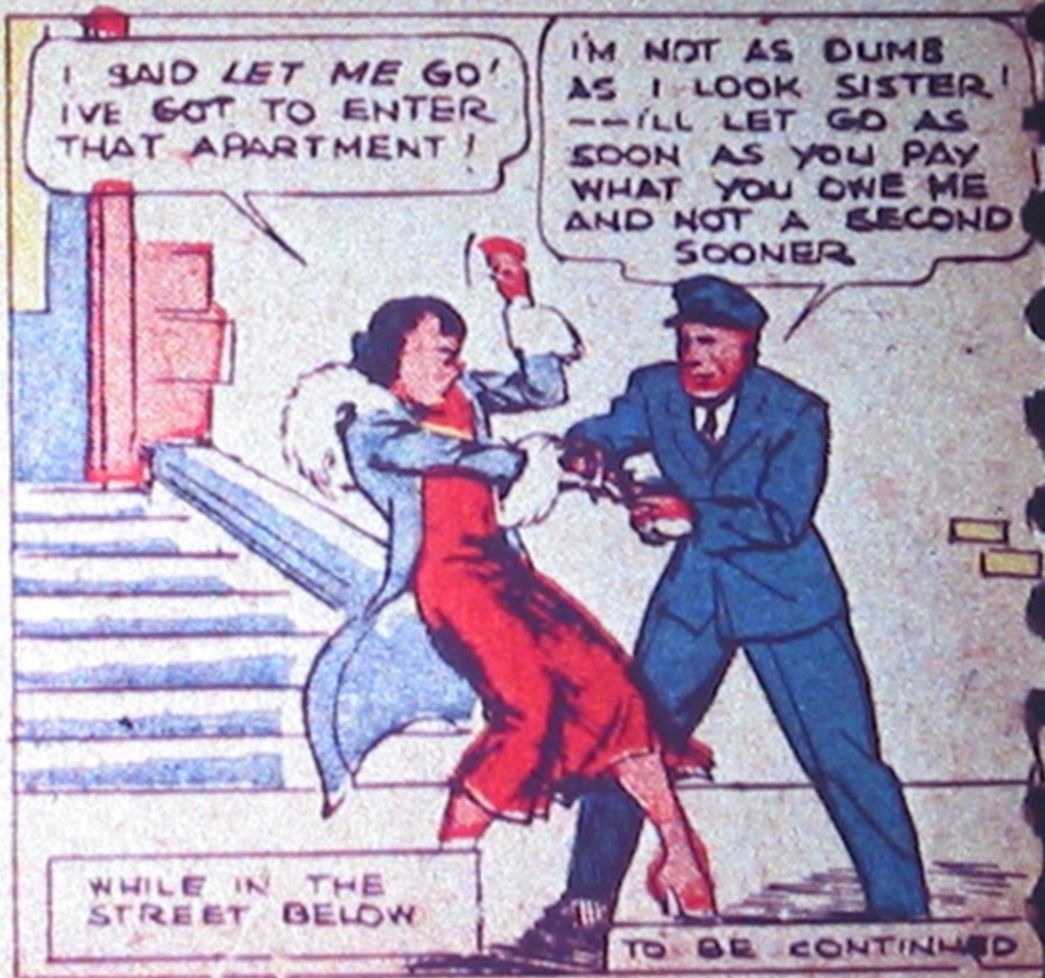
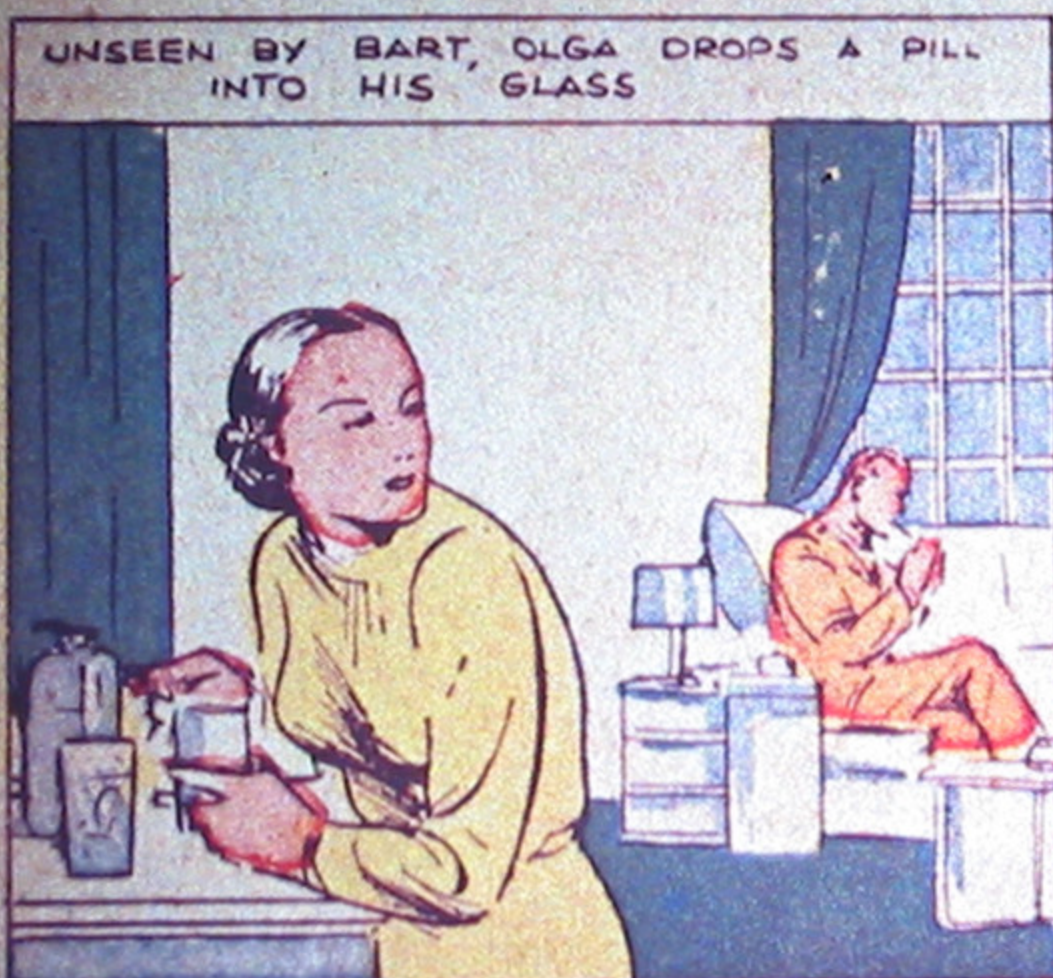
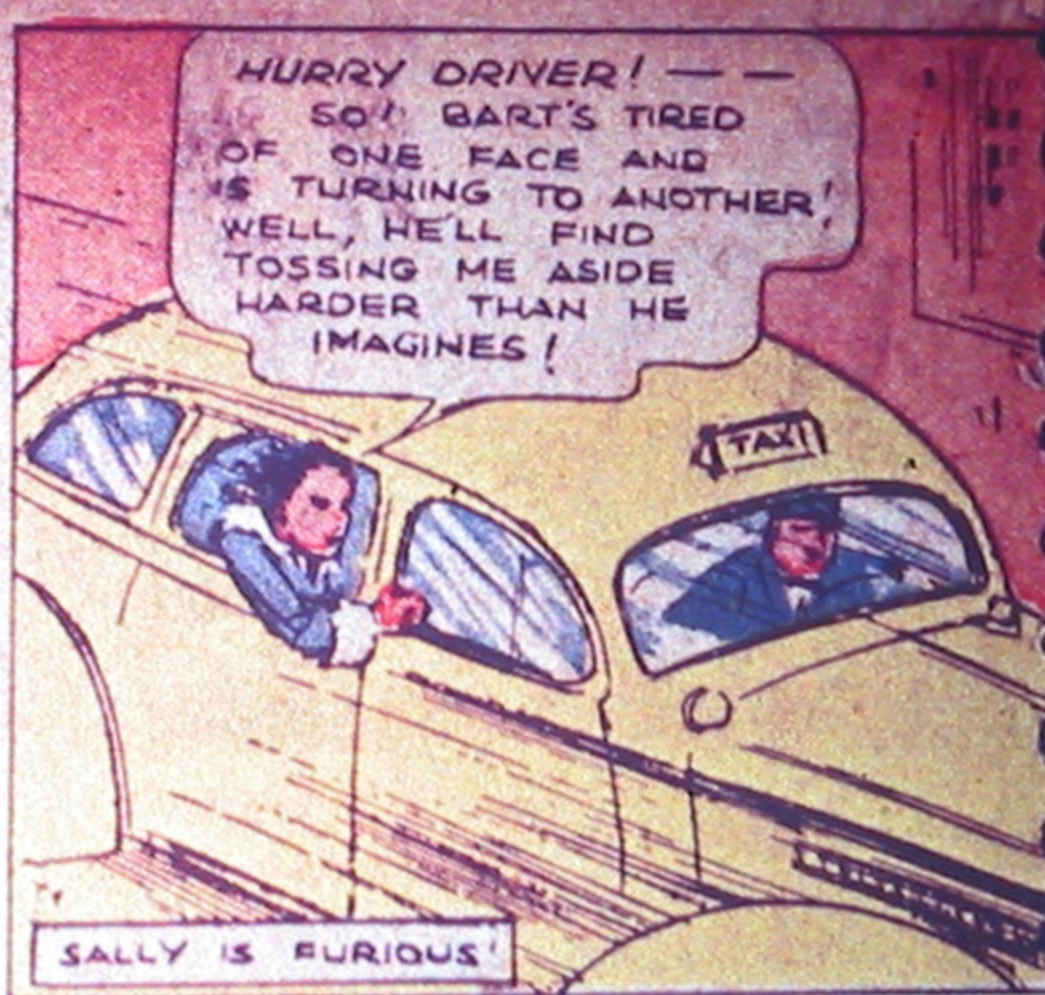
I'D BE DELIGHTED



FOR THE SECOND TIME THAT EVENING
SALLY JEALOUSLY FOLLOWS BART

FOLLOW THAT CAR --
AND YOU'D BETTER
NOT LOSE IT!





EAGLE- -EYED JAKE BY ALGER



WHO HASN'T HEARD
OF HAMHOCK JONES,
THE CELEBRATED
SLEUTH,

WHOSE CLEVERNESS
WAS TALKED ABOUT
FROM MOSCOW
TO DULUTH -

JONES SOLVES
ASH HEAP
MURDER

BUT WE WOULD SING
OF EAGLE-EYED JAKE,
WHO TOOK A COURSE
BY MAIL

SLEUTHING
BY THE HOUR
OR JOB

IN APPREHENDING
CRIMINALS AND
THROWING THEM
IN JAIL

HA
HA!

THE DAY JAKE GOT
HIS HANDCUFFS, HIS
FALSE WHISKERS
AND HIS STAR

THE POPULACE SAID, "HEE-
HEE - HEE - HO - HO -
AND HAR - HAR - HAR!!"

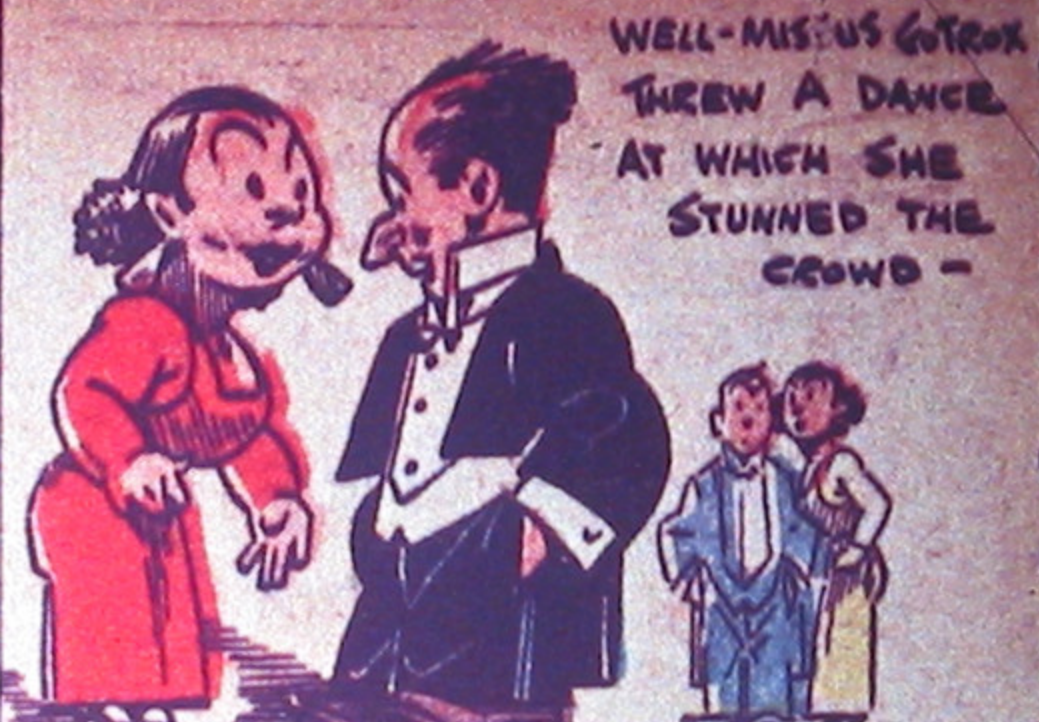
HA - HA
HA!

BEHIND A POLE,
DISGUISED, OUR
JAKE WOULD TAKE
UP HIS POSITION
AND CAST UPON THE
PASSERBY THE
COLD EYE OF
SUSPICION

HEH-HEH!



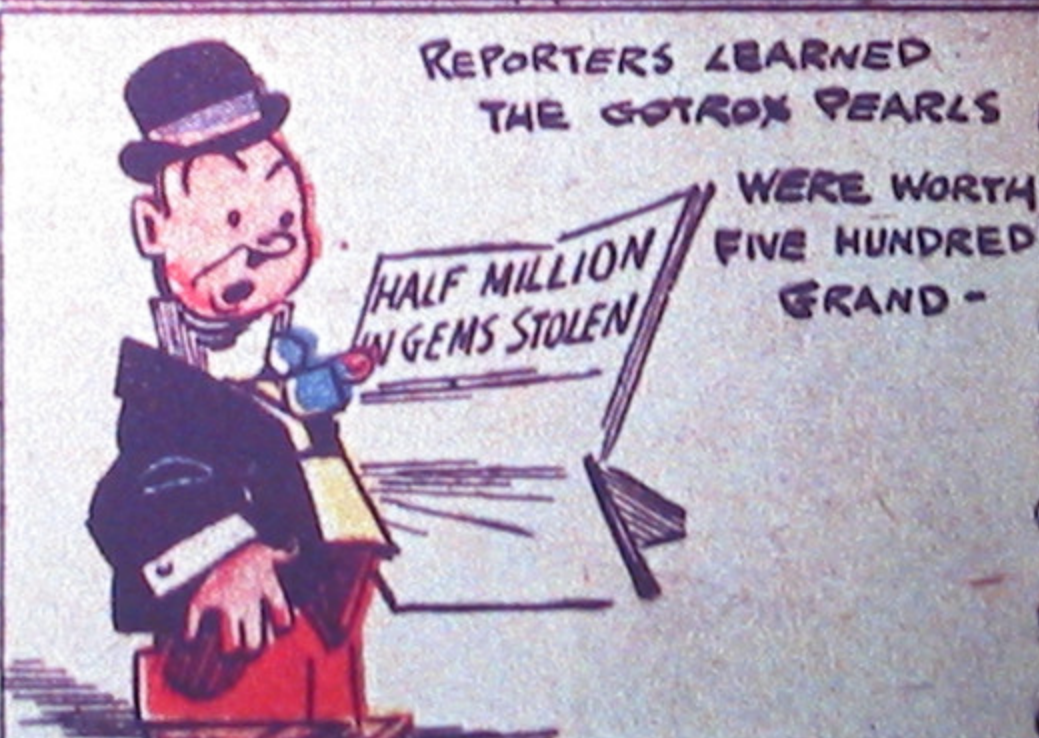
SAID JAKE, "IN EACH
DETECTIF'S BEAN
THE IDEAR MUST BE
PLANTED -
IN TRYIN' T' SOLVE
A MYSTERY
WE TAKE TOO
MUCH FER
GRANTED!"



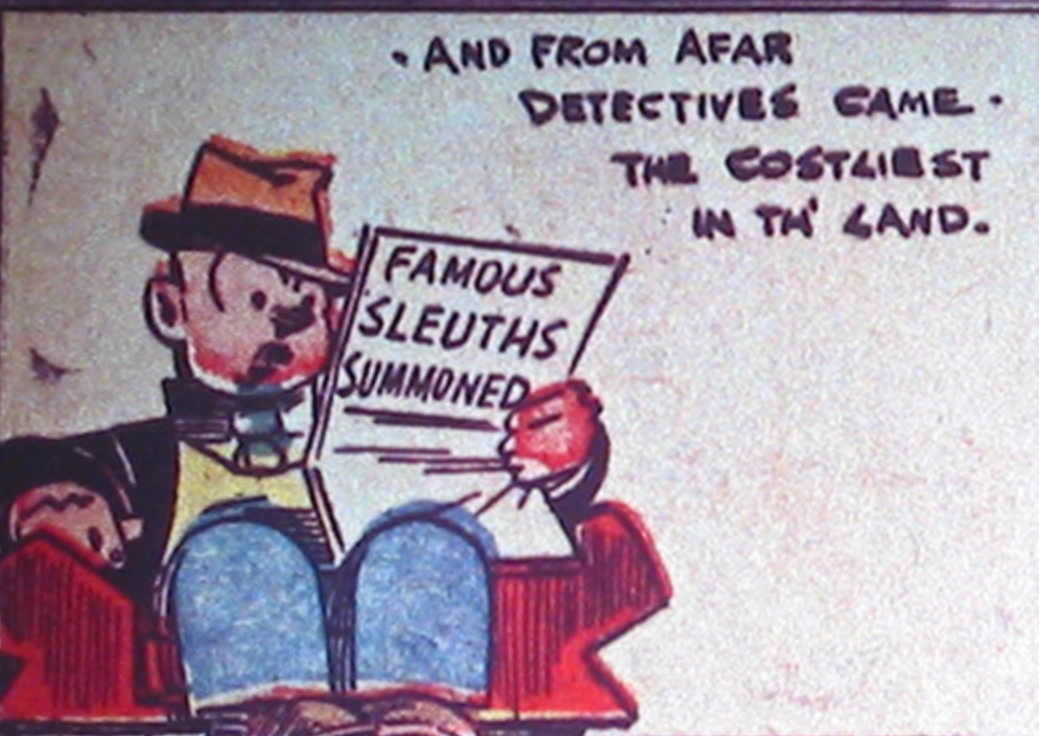
WELL-MISSUS GOTROX
THREW A DANCE
AT WHICH SHE
STUNNED THE
CROWD -



"MY PEARLS!! MY
NECKLACE HAS
BEEN STOLE!!"
DAME GOTROX
HOLLERED,
LOUD!



REPORTERS LEARNED
THE GOTROX PEARLS
WERE WORTH
FIVE HUNDRED
GRAND -

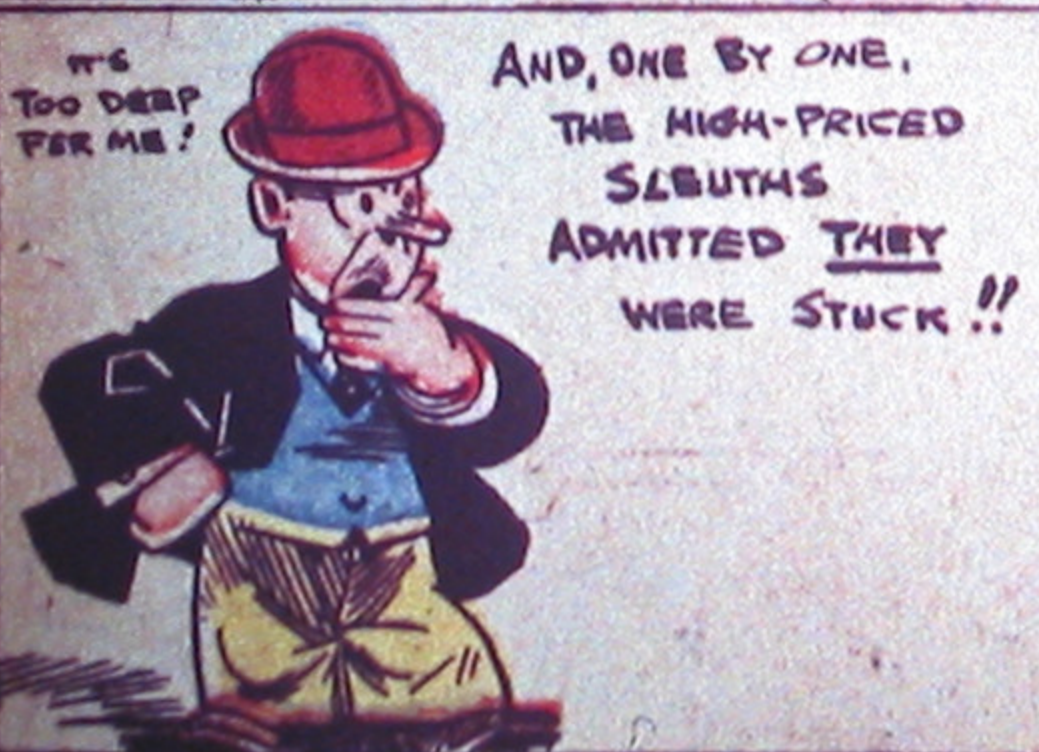


AND FROM AFAR
DETECTIVES CAME -
THE COSTLIEST
IN TH' LAND.



THE LOCAL COPS
ALL TRIED
THEIR HAND
WITHOUT A BIT
OF LUCK

NOT EVEN
A CLUE!



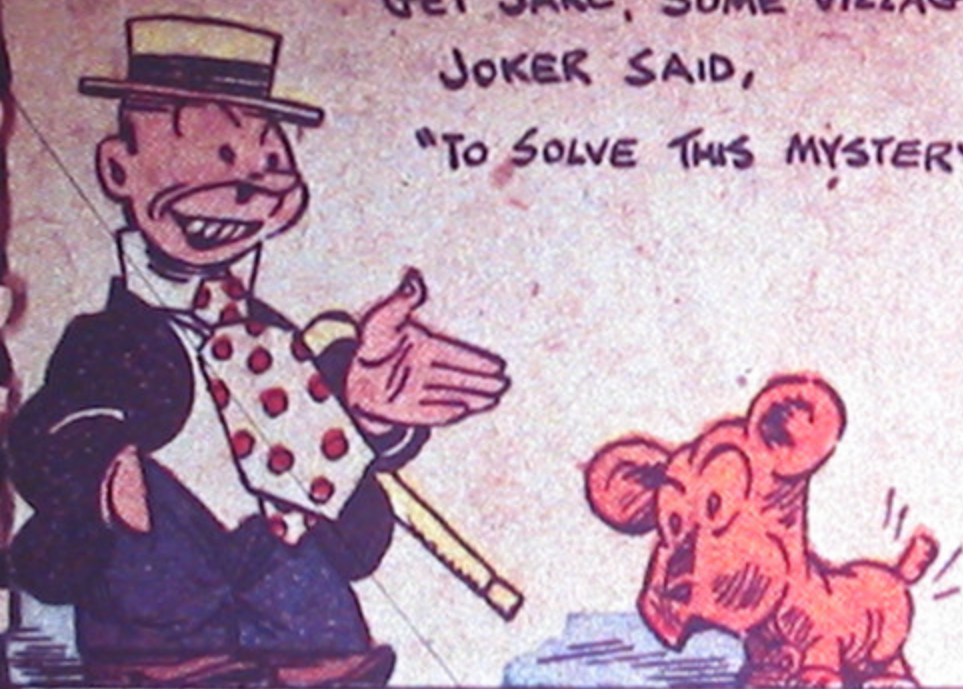
IT'S
TOO DEAR
FER ME!

AND, ONE BY ONE,
THE HIGH-PRICED
SLEUTHS
ADMITTED THEY
WERE STUCK!!



"THE SLEUTHS HAVE FAILED,"
THE PAPERS SAID,
"THE GEM THIEF
STILL ROAMS FREE"

"GET JAKE," SOME VILLAGE
JOKER SAID,
"TO SOLVE THIS MYSTERY"



AND, STRANGE TO SAY,
JAKE GOT THE CASE



AND SAID, "ALL THIS CONFUSION
HAS COME BECAUSE YOU
LOST YOUR HEADS
AND JUMPED AT A
CONCLUSION!"



"TO FACTS WE MUST
CONFINE OURSELVES
THE FACTS WE MUST
SMOKE OUT -
LET OTHERS B'ELIEVE
TH' THINGS THEY
HEAR -
LET US
REMAIN
N DOUBT,"



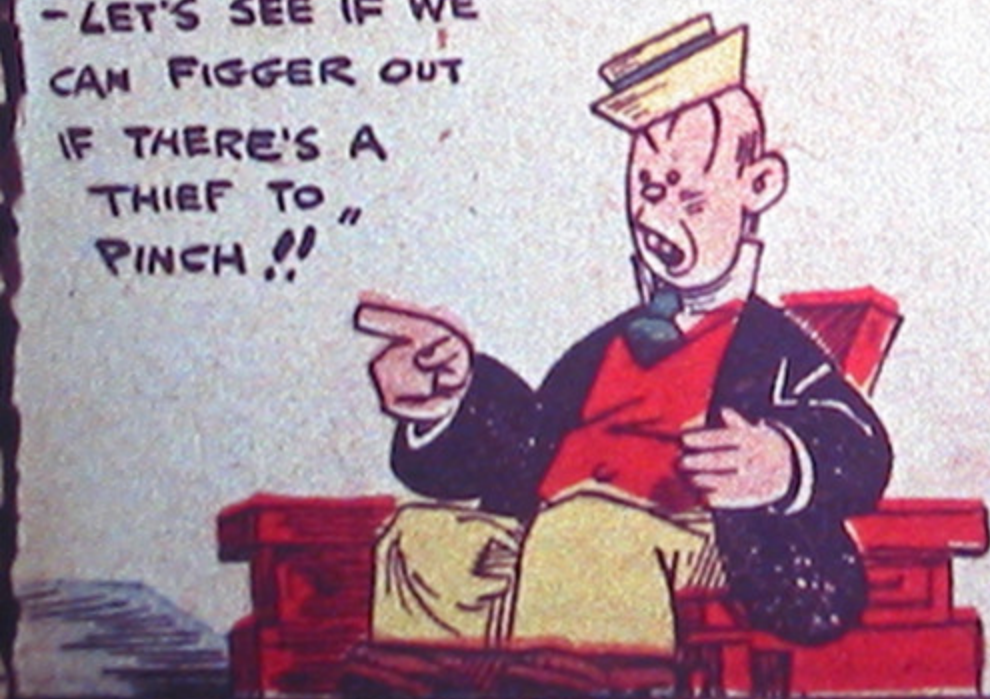
AND PEOPLE WHISPERED,
"THIS IS RICH!
WE'LL HAVE A LOT
OF FUN
WITH JAKE, OUR
LOCAL PINKERTON,
BEFORE THIS
THING IS DONE!"



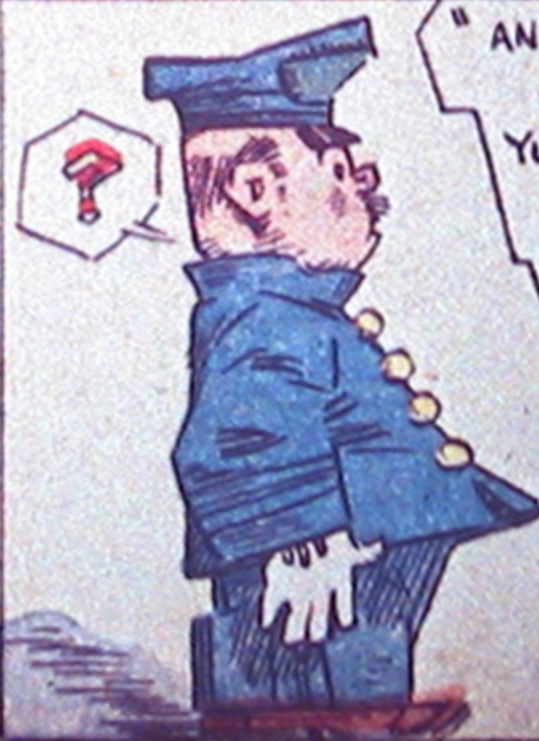
"WE'RE ASKED TO PINCH
A THIEF," SAID JAKE,
"BUT, ERE WE MOVE
AN INCH, -"



-LET'S SEE IF WE
CAN FIGGER OUT
IF THERE'S A
THIEF TO
PINCH!!



"AND, TOO, T' STAGE A
JEWEL THEFT
YUH GOTTA HAVE
SOME JOOLS!
T' START OUT
HUNTIN' OTHERWISE
WE'D BE A
PACK O' FOOLS!"





"THIS JAKE IS TALKING
TOMMYROT!"
SAID MRS. GOTROX'
MAID."



SAID MISSUS GOTROX,
"NO HE'S NOT!
HE'S TALKING
SENSE. I'M
'FRAID.."



"AND NOW, HORTENSE,
I THINK WE'LL PACK -
WE NEED A LONG
VACATION -"

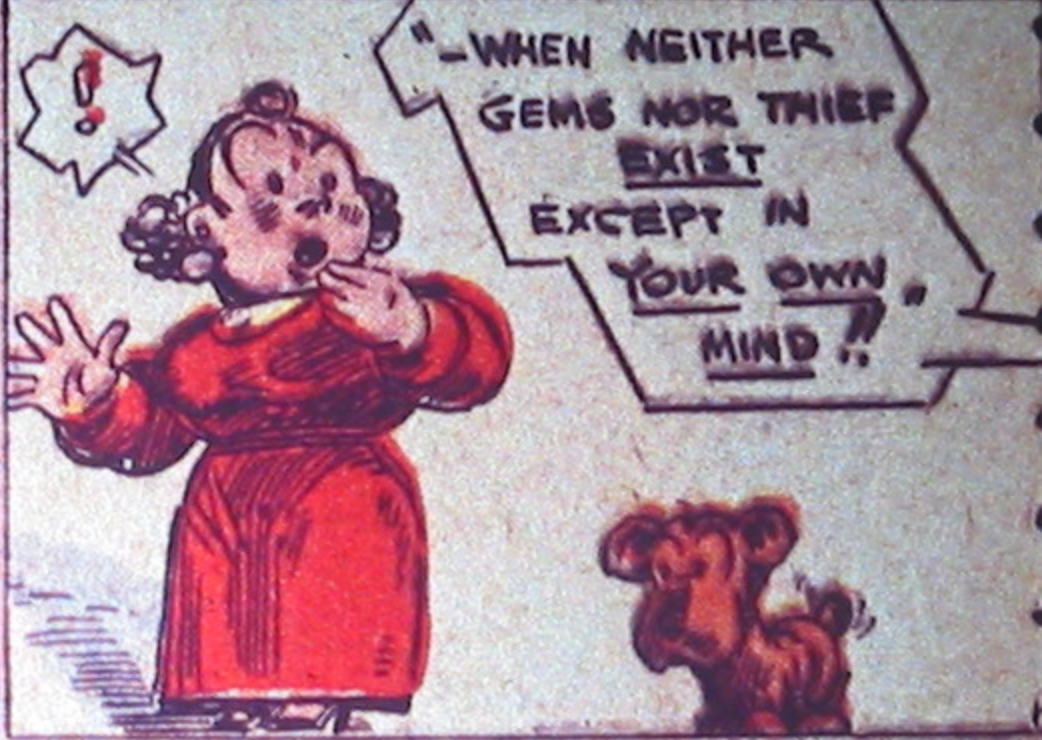


"-TELL JEEVES TO
FETCH A LIMOUSINE
AND DRIVE US
TO THE STATION"



"BUT FIRST ADMIT," OUR
JAKE CRIED OUT,
"A GEM THIEF'S
HARD TO FIND -"

ONE
MINUTE
!!

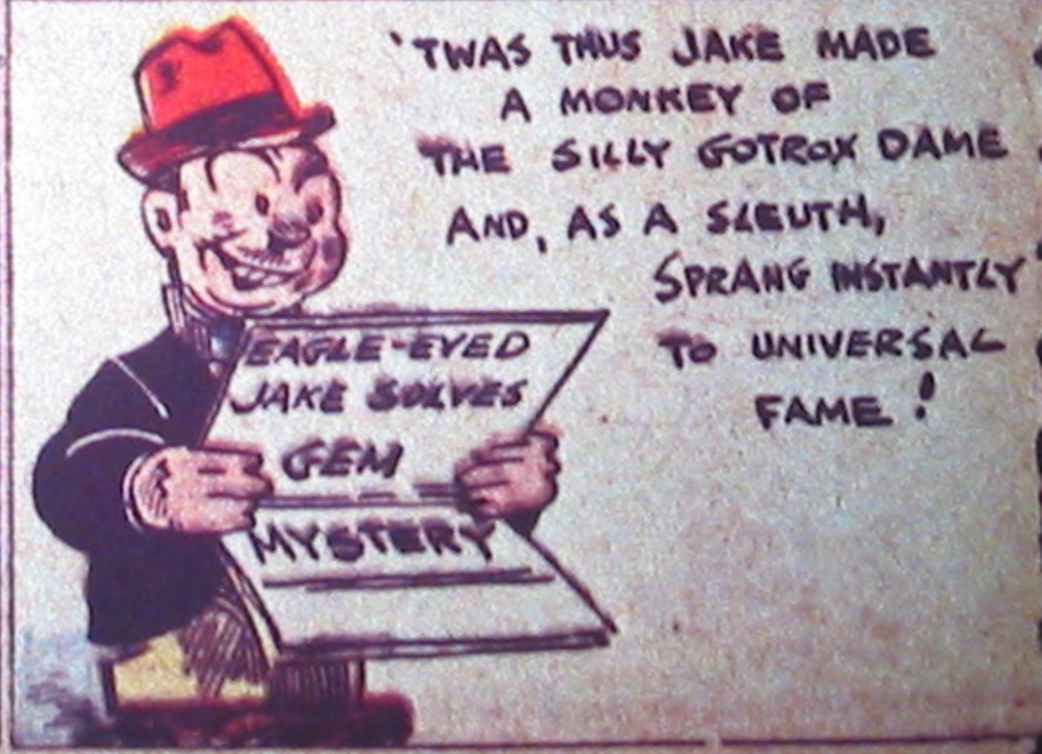


"-WHEN NEITHER
GEMS NOR THIEF
EXIST
EXCEPT IN
YOUR OWN
MIND!"



"I KNOW THE
EXPLANATION FOR
YOUR VERY
STUPID CAPERS -
YOU THOUGHT
YOU'D LIKE T'
SEE YOUR NAME
IN ALL THE
EV'NING
PAPERS!"

YOU WIN.
JAKE!

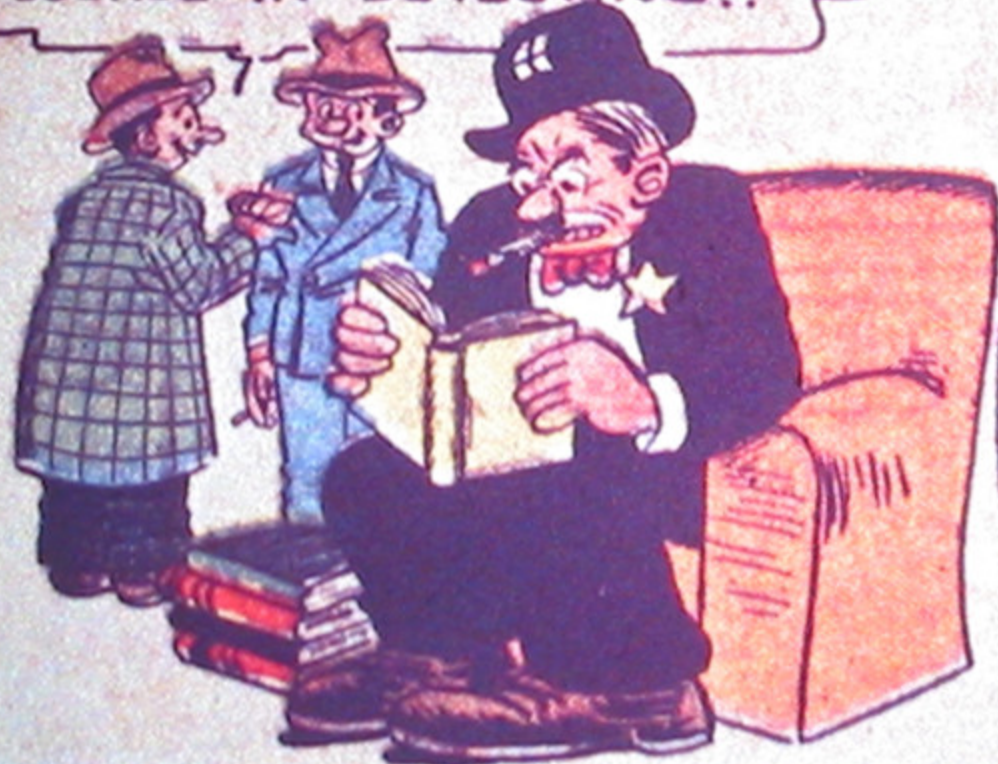


'T WAS THUS JAKE MADE
A MONKEY OF
THE SILLY GOTROX DAME
AND, AS A SLEUTH,
SPRANG INSTANTLY
TO UNIVERSAL
FAME!

EAGLE-EYED
JAKE SOLVES
A GEM
MYSTERY

SILLY STORIES

JUST 'CAUSE HE'S GOT BIG FEET AN' A DERBY HAT, GUS IS TAKIN' A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN DETECTING!!



IS THAT THE BODY?

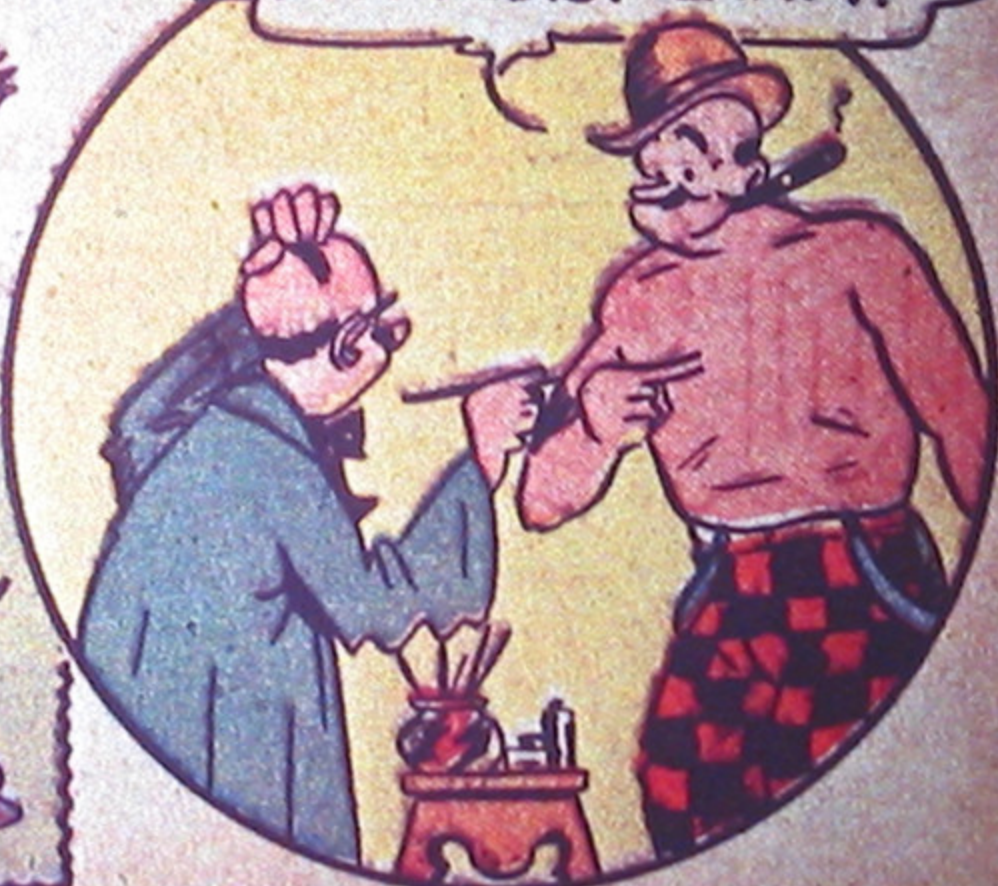
NO - INSPECTOR SCHMALTZ IS TRYIN' T' FIND TH' MURDERER BY GETTIN' IN TH' VICTIM'S FRAME OF MIND!



WHERE ARE YA GOIN' - REILLY?? TO A MASQUERADE?

NO - YOU DOPE! I'M IN DISGUISE - THERE'S BEEN A MURDER DOWN AT THE ZOO!

YOU GOTTA TATTOO A BADGE HERE ON MY CHEST - I JUST GOT A JOB AS HOUSE-DETECTIVE IN A NUDIST CAMP!!



Buck MARSHALL

RANGE
DETECTIVE

BY HOMER
FLEMING

BUCK MARSHALL, RANGE DETECTIVE, RECEIVES A LETTER FROM HIS FRIEND, THE SHERIFF. THE MESSAGE IS URGENT—CATTLE THIEVES ARE TERRORIZING THE COUNTRY.

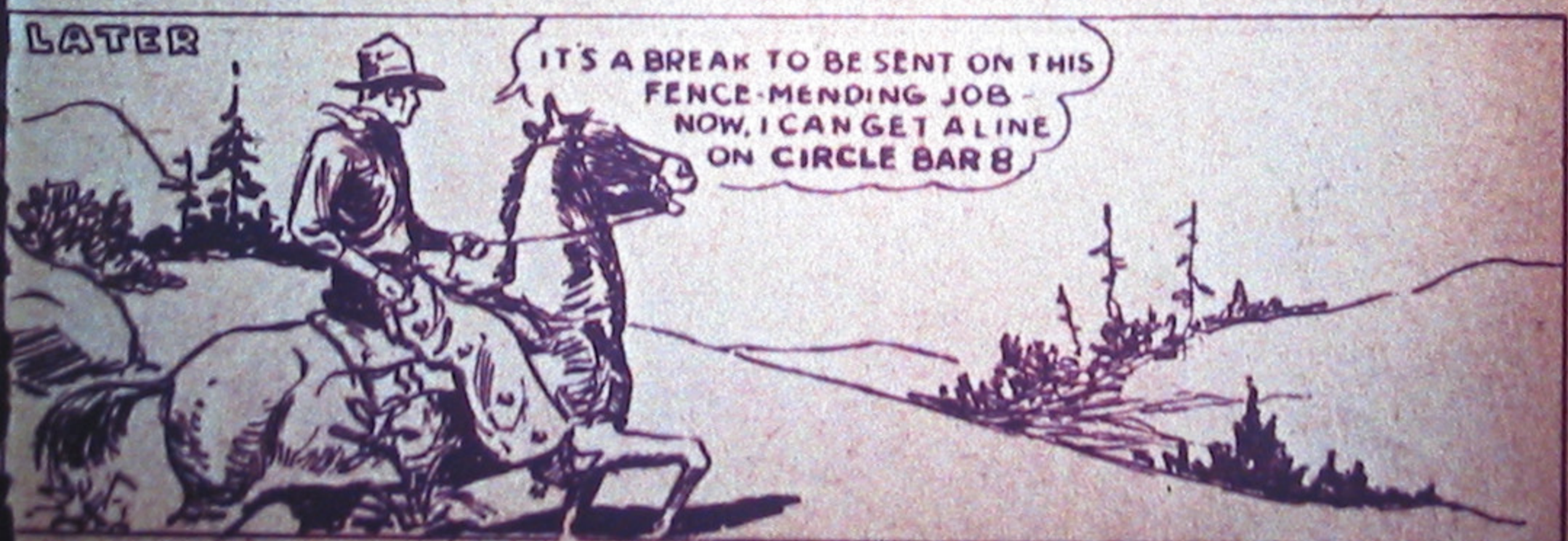
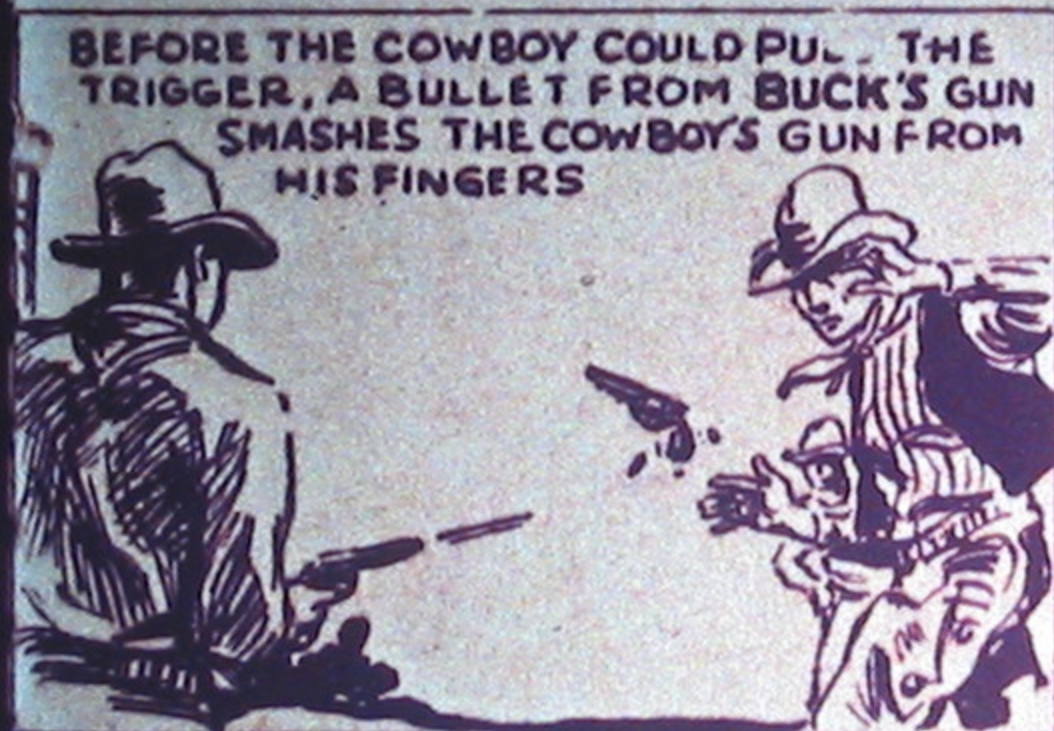
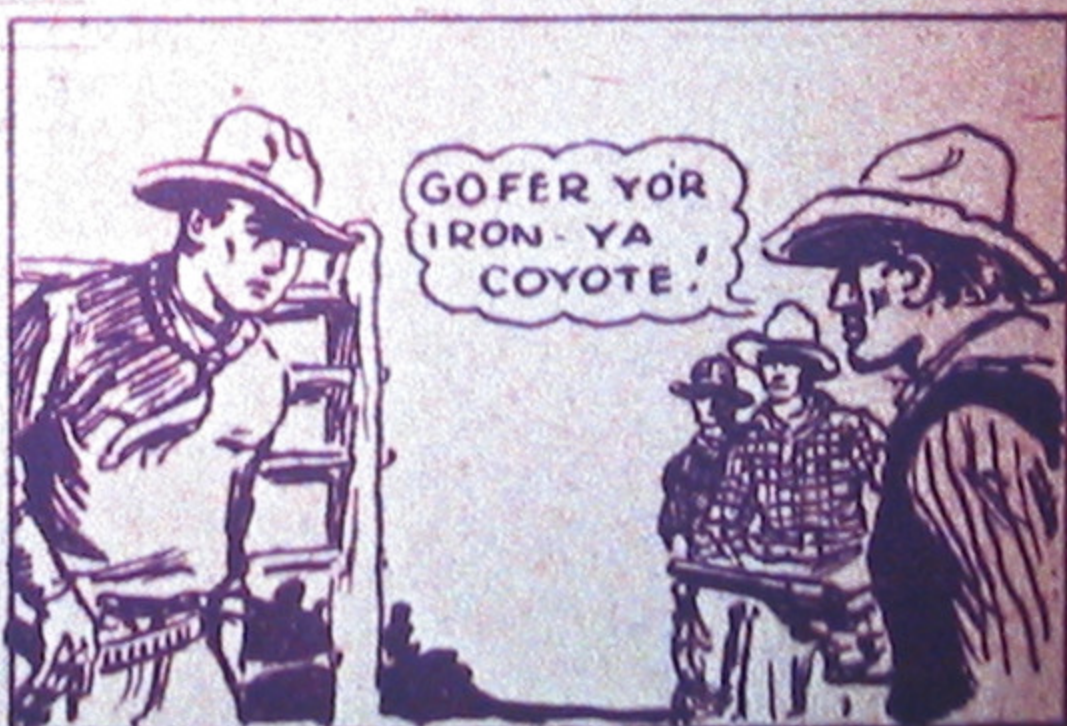
BUCK LOSES NO TIME IN RESPONDING TO THE SHERIFF'S APPEAL FOR HELP, AND NOW, IS PULLING UP HIS HORSE AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, AFTER A LONG, HARD RIDE OVER PLAINS AND MOUNTAIN TRAILS... HE HAS NEVER BEEN IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY BEFORE, HAVING KNOWN THE SHERIFF IN TEXAS.

THE SHERIFF MUST BE
IN—HIS DOOR IS OPEN



SANDERS OWNS THE BAR S, A BIG SPREAD, WITH JACKSON—HE ACCUSES VOLK, OWNER OF CIRCLE BAR B, OF RUSTLING TRICKS. THERE'S BEEN BAD FEELING EVER SINCE VOLK REFUSED TO SELL SOME LAND.





THAT MUST BE THE
CIRCLE BAR 8 LINE
YONDER - I WONDER
WHAT THOSE HOMBRES
ARE DOING - ?

I'M ALMOST CLOSE
ENOUGH NOW TO
SEE - BRANDING, EH!

PUT IT ON THE
LEFT HIP, TOO

BUCK WATCHES THEM AS THEY DRIVE
THE CALF NEAR THE BORDER

I'LL JUST TAKE A
LOOK AT THAT CALF

THE SUDDEN CRACK OF A RIFLE BRINGS
BUCK TO A HALT!

MEANWHILE

VOLK, I THOUGHT I'D
COME OVER TO SEE YOU.
SANDERS, HERE, SAYS
HIS RIDERS HAVE
SPOTTED SOME OF
HIS SLICKS ON
YOUR SPREAD.

THERE'S NOTHING BUT MY OWN
BRAND HERE, SHERIFF

WELL, WE WILL LOOK AROUND
ANYWAY, VOLK.



THERE YOU ARE, SHERIFF,
LOOK FOR
YOURSELF.



VOLK, I'LL HAVE TO
TAKE YOU ALONG.

I TELL YOU
SHERIFF,
IT'S A —



SUDDENLY, VOLK SHOOTS OUT HIS LEFT FIST,
LANDING SQUARELY ON SANDER'S JAW.

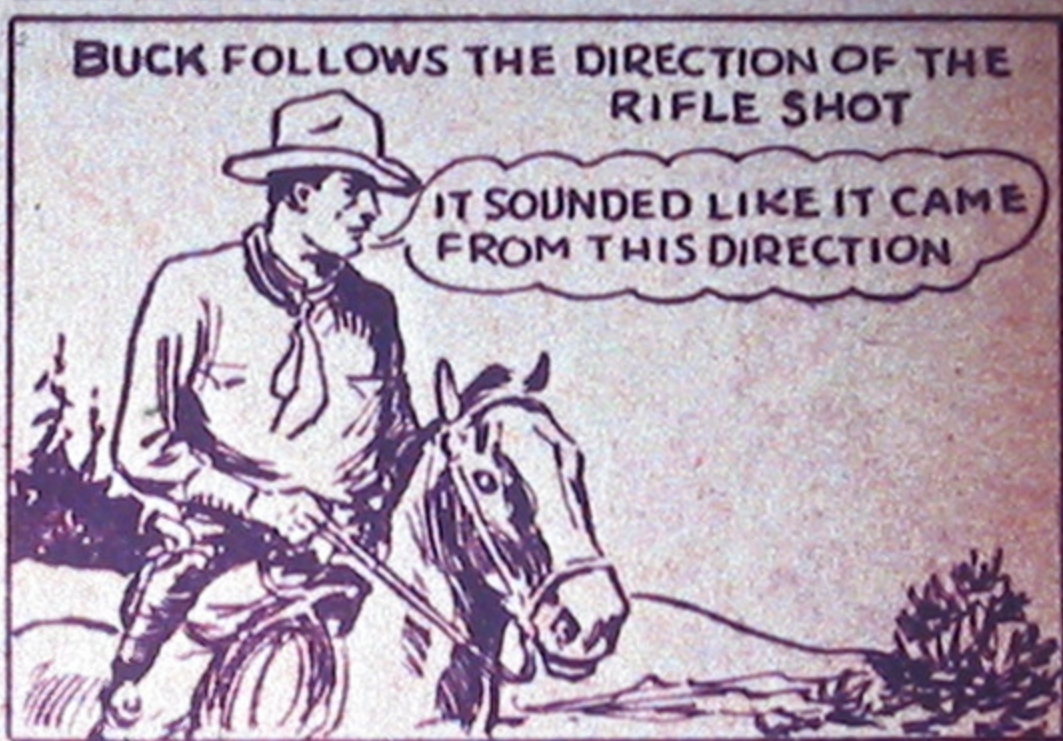


I HAVE YOU COVERED
VOLK, YOU MIGHT
AS WELL
COME
ALONG.



BUCK FOLLOWS THE DIRECTION OF THE
RIFLE SHOT

IT SOUNDED LIKE IT CAME
FROM THIS DIRECTION



PRESENTLY, BUCK COMES UPON THE BODY OF A MAN.

BULLET HOLE IN THE
BACK — CLOSE RANGE
— WENT RIGHT THROUGH
HIM. —



THE TRACKS OF A
HORSE COMING FROM
THIS CLUMPOF BUSHES

BUSHES BROKEN -
GROUND CUT UP -
- SOFT YELLOW
CLAY

A HORSE-SHOE -
A LUCKY FIND
IN THIS CASE

BUCK TAKES THE BODY BACK TO
TOWN

I HOPE THIS PLAN
CLICKS

LET'S
STRING HIM
UP -

WHEN BUCK GETS BACK, HE IS ACCUSED BY
RAWHIDE.

THAT HOMBRE
WAS VOLK'S
RIDER - HIM
AN' YOU WAS
CHANGIN' BRANDS
YOU GOT FIGHTIN'
- YOU PLUGGED
HIM AN' RUN
OFF THE BEEF.

BUCK TELLS THEM THAT
HE CAN SHOW THEM THE
KILLER, IF THEY WILL
GO BACK WITH HIM.

ARRIVING AT THE SPOT, BUCK SHOWS WHERE HE FINDS THE BODY

THE KILLER PLANTED A FIRE AND
BRANDING IRONS, TO MAKE HIM
LOOK LIKE A RUSTLER

HOOF MARKS SHOW THAT
THE SLAYER AWAITS
HIS VICTIM BEHIND
THOSE BUSHES.



HE SHOOTS HIM IN THE
BACK WITH A RIFLE AT
CLOSE RANGE. THE
BODY FALLS IN THE
BUSHES AND IS
CARRIED TO THE
SPOT WHERE THE
BRANDING FIRE
IS PLANTED

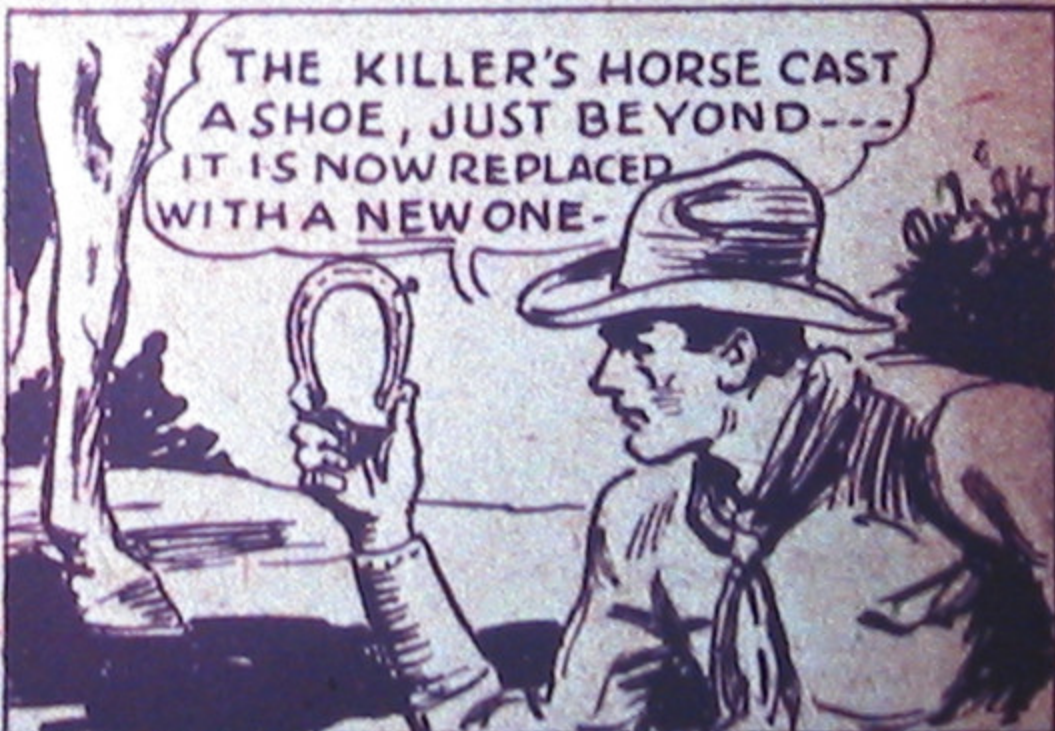


HOW DO YA' KNOW
HE WAS SHOT HERE?

BECAUSE THE BUSHES
ARE BLOOD STAINED AND
THERE IS YELLOW
CLAY ON HIS BACK

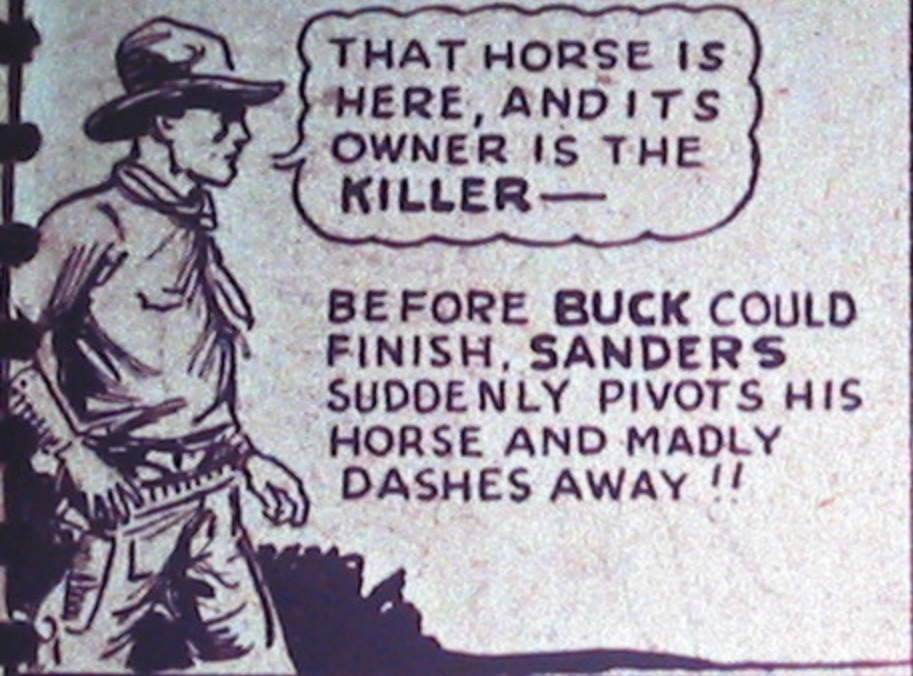


THE KILLER'S HORSE CAST
A SHOE, JUST BEYOND---
IT IS NOW REPLACED
WITH A NEW ONE-



THAT HORSE IS
HERE, AND ITS
OWNER IS THE
KILLER—

BEFORE BUCK COULD
FINISH, SANDER'S
SUDDENLY PIVOTS HIS
HORSE AND MADLY
DASHES AWAY !!



THE SHERIFF, CLOSE AT HIS HEELS, TUMBLES
HIM FROM HIS SADDLE,
WITH A BULLET.



RIGHT, BUCK! GET THEIR HARDWARE!
WE'LL SOON HAVE THESE BAR S
CALF-SNATCHERS BEHIND BARS— AN'
THERE'S A LITTLE REWARD
FOR YOU AT THE OFFICE—



SLAM BRADLEY

51
JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER

SO YOU
WANT TO
PLAY, EH?

BAM!



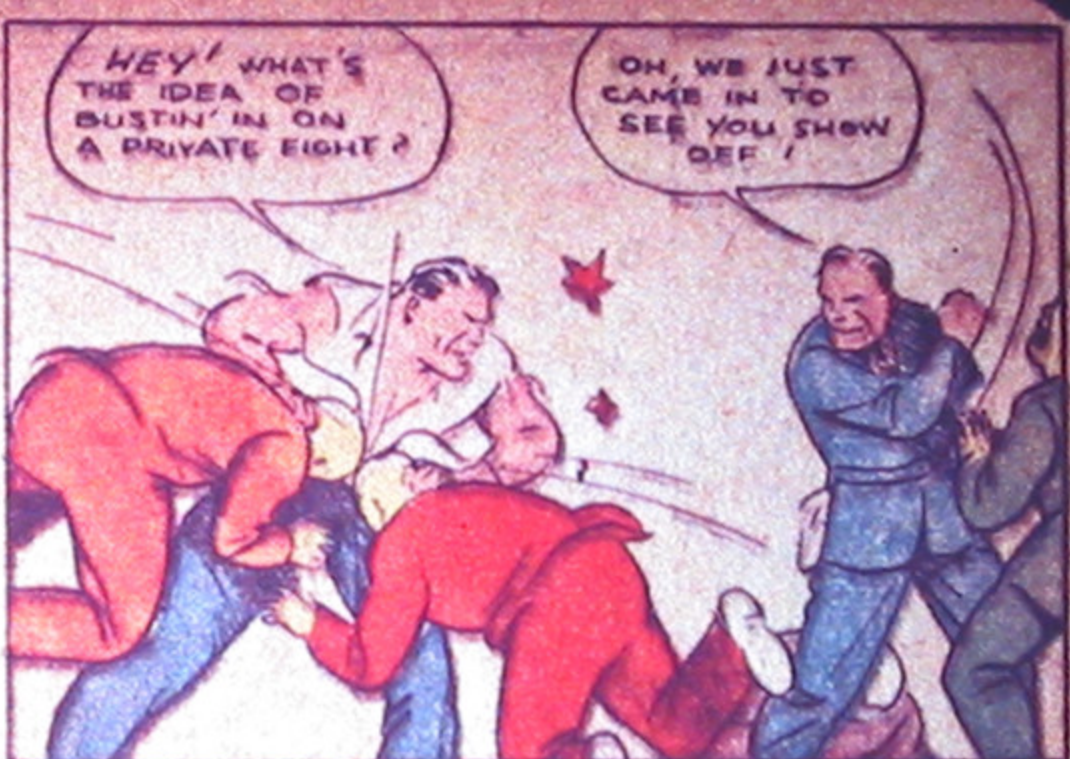
IN A HIDDEN CATACOMB UNDER THE STREETS OF CHINATOWN, SLAM BRADLEY, ACE FREE LANCE SLEUTH, FIGHTER AND ADVENTURER, IS TANGLING WITH A MOB OF CELESTIALS WHO RESENT HIS INVESTIGATING. KNIVES FLASH! FISTS FLY! ALTHO' OUTNUMBERED, SLAM IS HAVING A SWELL TIME!

SUDDENLY
A LOCKED
DOOR
CRASHES
INWARD
BEFORE
THE
CHARGE
OF A
SWARM
OF
BLUE-COATS



HEY! WHAT'S
THE IDEA OF
BUSTIN' IN ON
A PRIVATE FIGHT?

OH, WE JUST
CAME IN TO
SEE YOU SHOW
OFF!



SERGEANT KELLY, IF
I WASN'T HAVIN' SUCH
A GOOD TIME I'D
POP YOU ONE IN
THE SHOULDER!

BEHIND
YOU, SLAM!



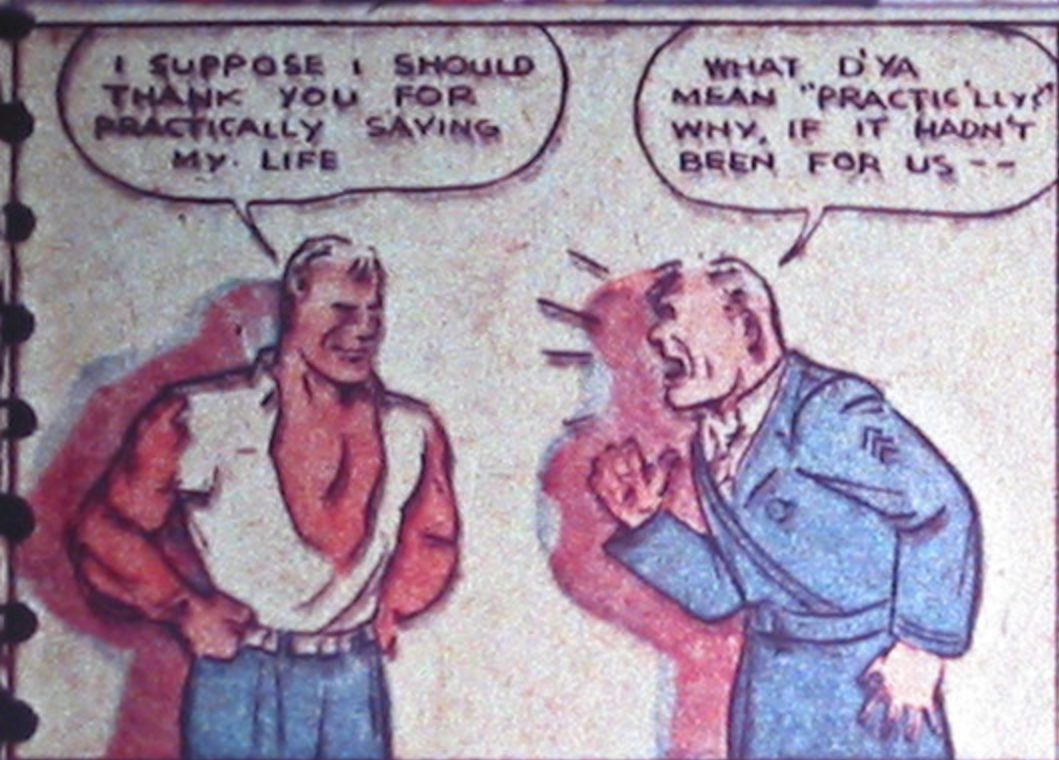
OH
THIS BEST?
THANKS,
SARGE

HOLY CATS!
WOTTA
SCRAPPER!



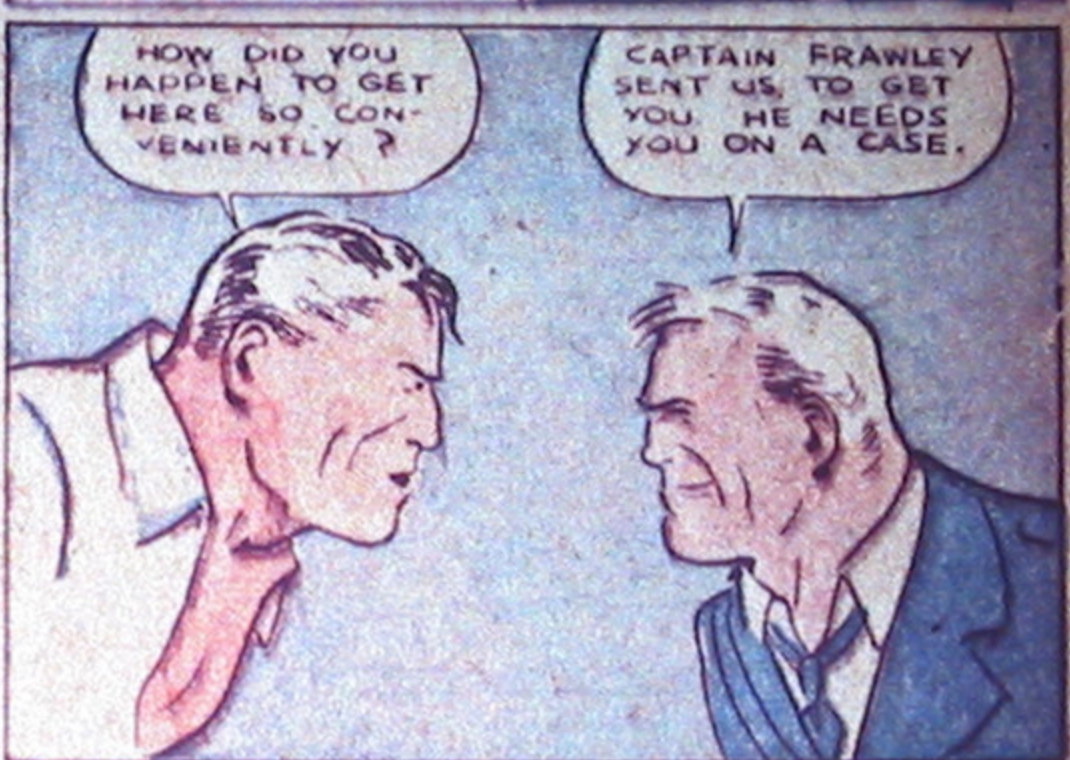
I SUPPOSE I SHOULD
THANK YOU FOR
PRACTICALLY SAYING
MY LIFE

WHAT D'YA
MEAN "PRACTIC'LLY"?
WHY, IF IT HADN'T
BEEN FOR US --



HOW DID YOU
HAPPEN TO GET
HERE SO CON-
VENIENTLY?

CAPTAIN FRAWLEY
SENT US, TO GET
YOU. HE NEEDS
YOU ON A CASE.



SHORTY MORGAN, WOULD BE DETECTIVE WHO
ADMIRES SLAM ALMOST TO IDOLATION, GREET'S
BRADLEY AT HEADQUARTERS

COULD YOU
USE A GOOD
ASSISTANT?

ASIDE, RUNT!
FOR THE HUNDRETH
TIME -- NO!

HI, SLAM!

WELL, WELL,
IF IT ISN'T
THE HUMAN
WHIRLWIND!

WHAT DID
Y SCRAP WITH
TODAY? A
STEAMSHOVEL?



WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, FRAWLEY?

SLAM, I WANT YOU TO MEET RITA CARLISLE, DAUGHTER OF THE CARLISLE CHAIN-STORE OWNER. SHE'LL TELL YOU HER STORY HERSELF

DON'T MIND MY TORN SHIRT, LADY THIS IS A SPECIAL OCCASION -- THE FIRST TIME I EVER MET A DIME-STORE PRINCESS

I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR SOCIAL LIFE -- WILL YOU LISTEN TO WHAT I HAVE TO SAY?

MEANWHILE -- "SHORTY" EXPLAINS HIS PLAN TO THE TELEPHONE-GIRL

Y'SEE, IT'S LIKE THIS. I'VE TAKEN A MAIL-ORDER COURSE IN SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION. NOW, IF I WAS SLAM'S PARTNER, HE'D ALWAYS HAVE SCIENCE AT HIS FINGERTIPS.

YEAH BUT THEN HE'D HAVE YOU, TOO

I OWN A VERY VALUABLE POODLE-DOG WHICH I'M GOING TO ENTER IN A CONTEST SOON MEANWHILE, I WANT SOME ONE -- PERHAPS YOU -- TO GUARD IT AND SEE THAT IT COMES TO NO HARM.

JUMPIN' BLUE BLAZES! IS THIS WHAT I WAS DRAGGED OUT OF A GOOD FIGHT FOR?

BUT YOU'LL BE WELL PAID!

THERE ISN'T MONEY ENOUGH IN THE WORLD TO MAKE ME PLAY A POODLE'S NURSE-MAID! GIVE THE JOB TO THE CAPTAIN! IT'S MORE IN HIS LINE

OF ALL THE IMPERTINENT --! CAPTAIN, NO ONE HAS EVER SPOKEN TO ME LIKE THAT BEFORE! I INSIST YOU FIRE HIM!

SORRY, MISS CARLISLE I CAN'T!

WHY NOT?

HE DOESN'T WORK FOR THE DEPARTMENT HE'S A FREE-LANCER

AFTER RITA CARLISLE LEAVES, FURIOUS

WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF SENDING FOR ME?

HONEST SLAM! I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT SHE WANTED. SHE'D MERELY ASKED FOR THE MOST COURAGEOUS MAN I KNEW SO I RECOMMENDED YOU!

SLAM!
PLEASE LISTEN!
WITH MY SCIENTIFIC
TRAININ' AND
YOUR --

BEAT IT SHRIMP
NO... WAIT!
I JUST THOUGHT
OF SOMETHING.

IVE AT LAST
LOCATED A JOB
THAT'LL FIT
YOU PERFECTLY

WHAT!

TAKE MY CARD TO
THE HOME OF RITA
CARLISLE AND THE
JOB IS YOURS.
SHE'LL TELL
YOU THE
DETAILS.

YIPPEE!
AT LAST ---
I'M A SUCCESS
AT LAST!

OF ALL THE CONCEITED,
EGOTISTICAL, ARROGANT
FOOLS, THAT SLAM
BRADLEY IS THE
WORST!

PARDON, MISS
CARLISLE, BUT THERE'S
A "PERSON" TO SEE
YOU. HE GAVE
ME THIS CARD.

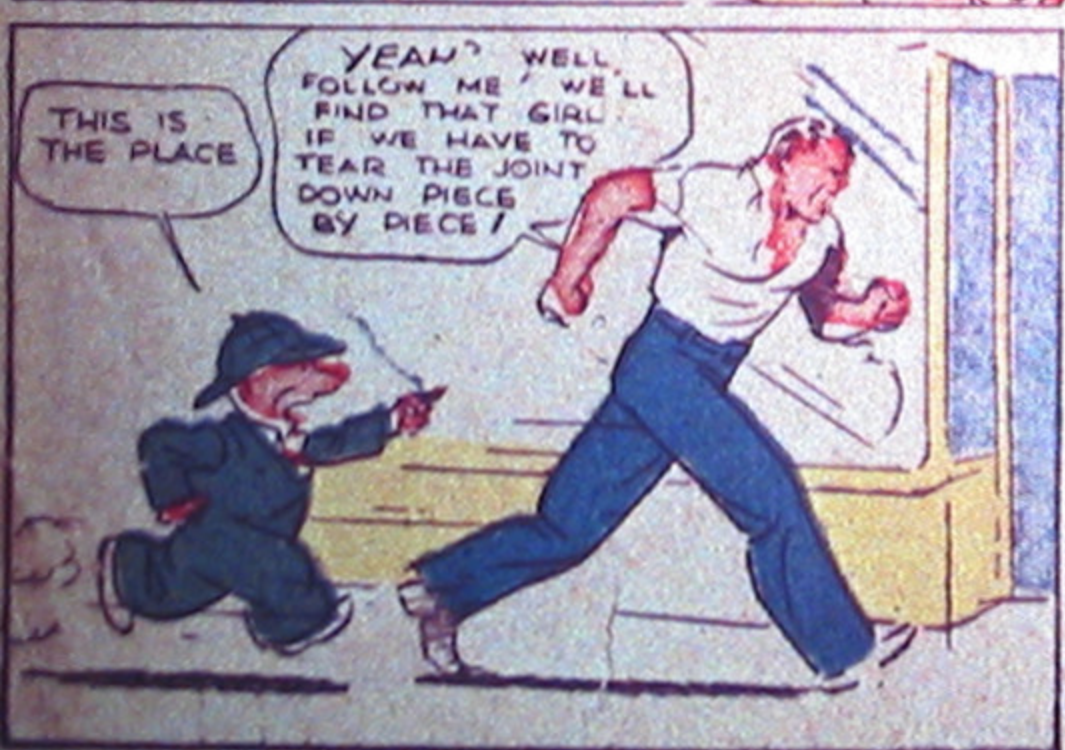
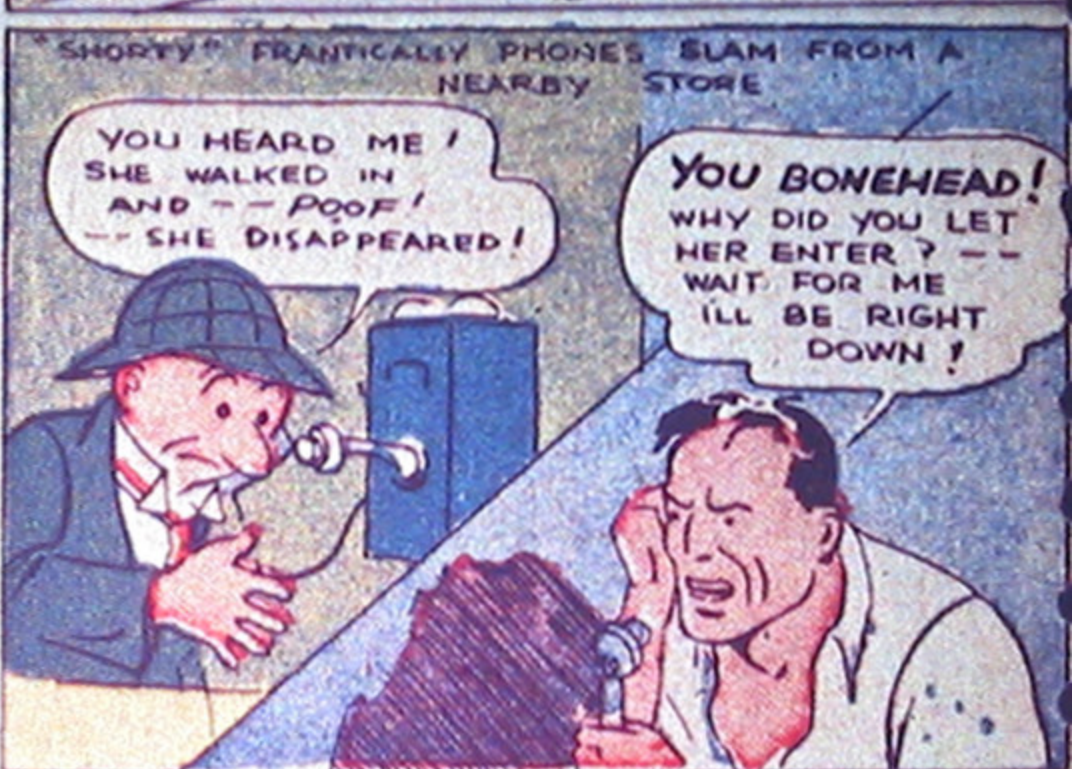
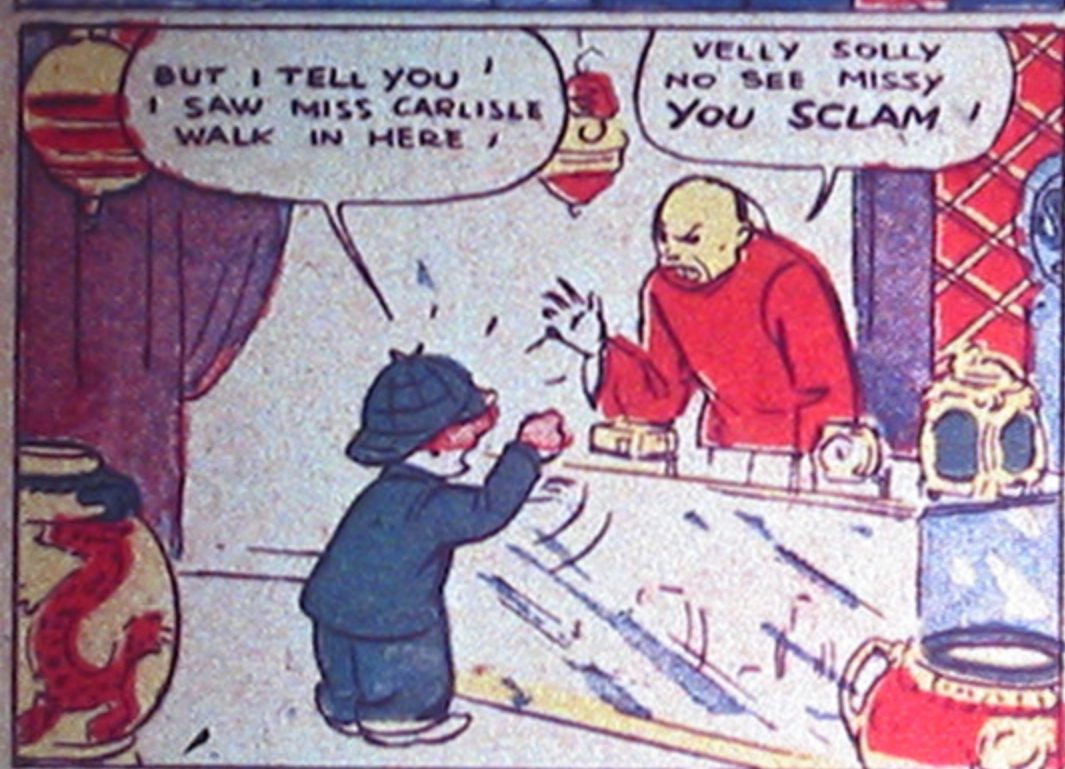
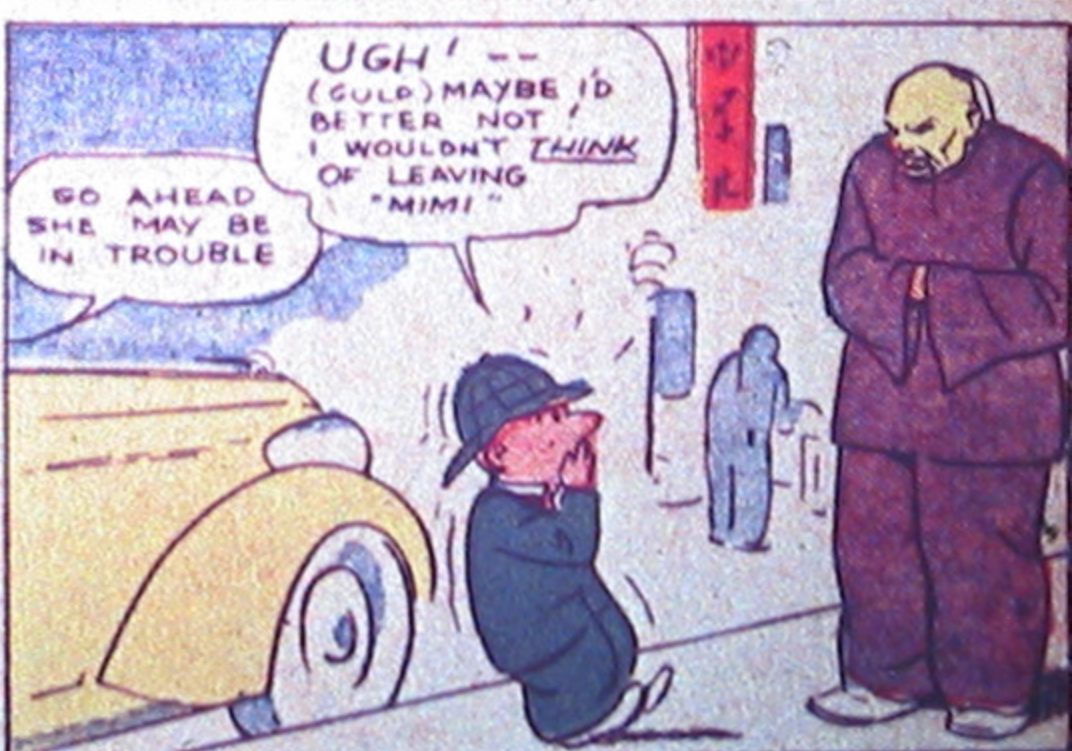
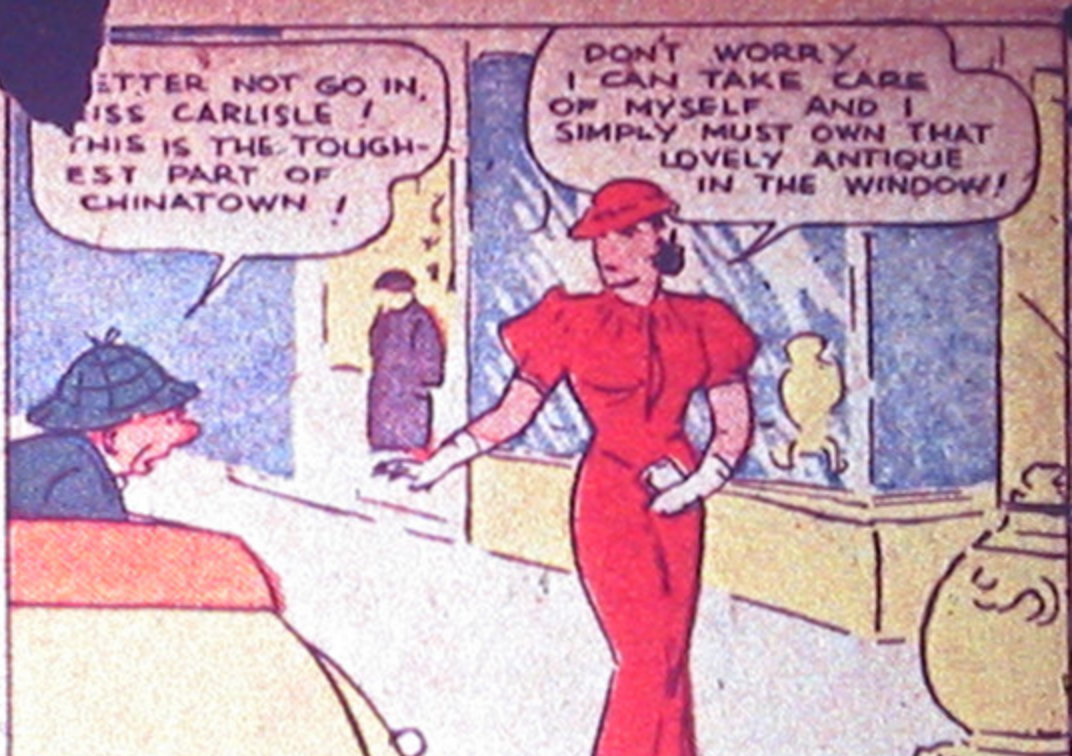
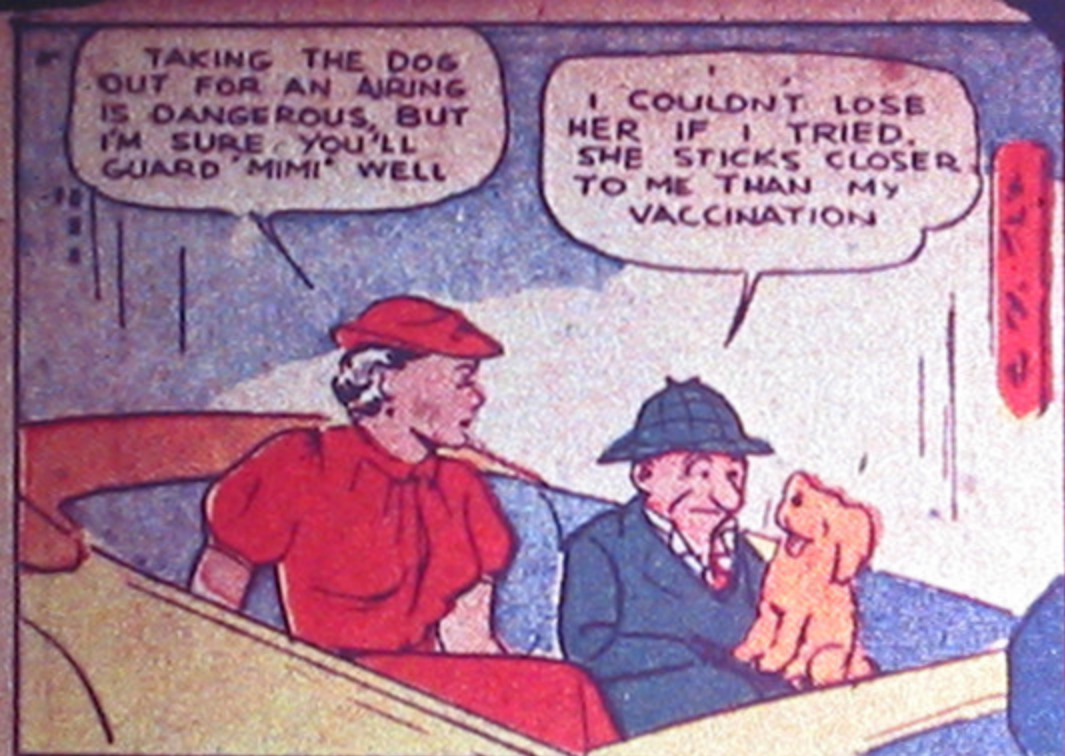
SLAM BRADLEY!
SHOW HIM IN --
AT ONCE!

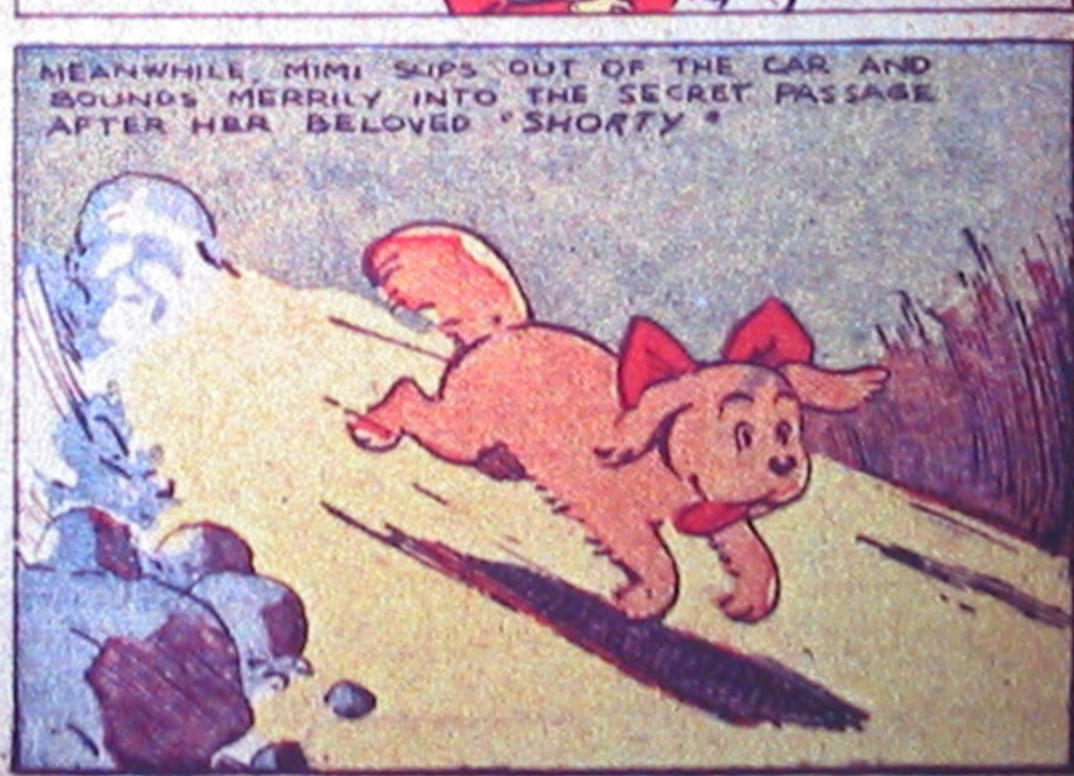
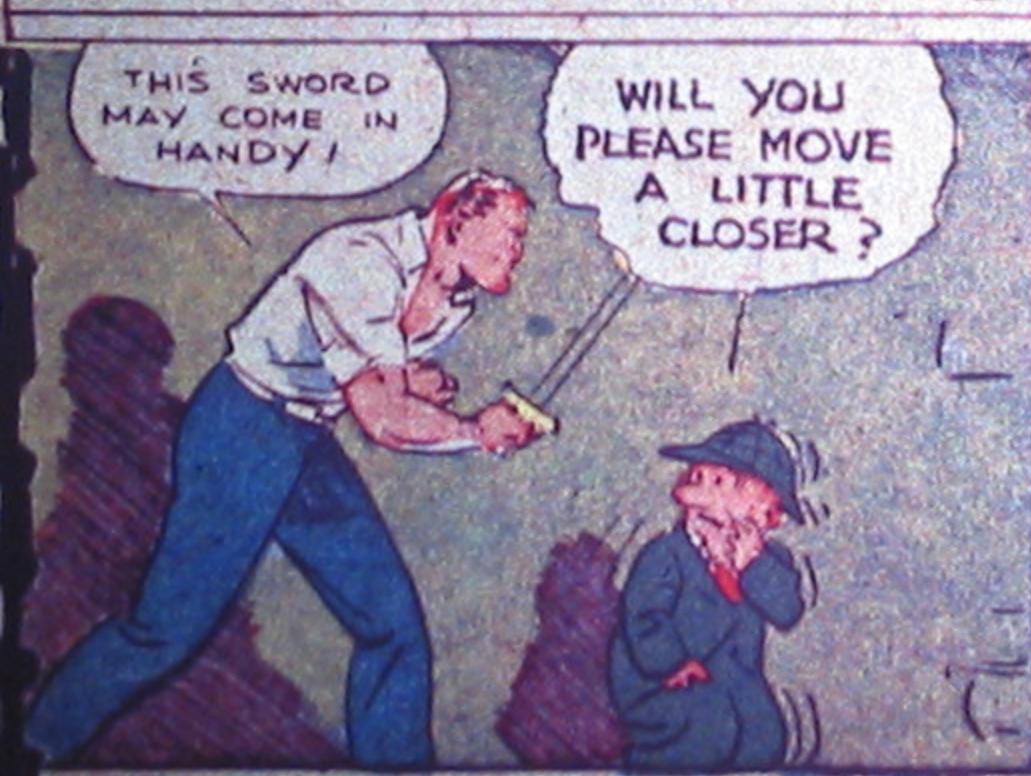
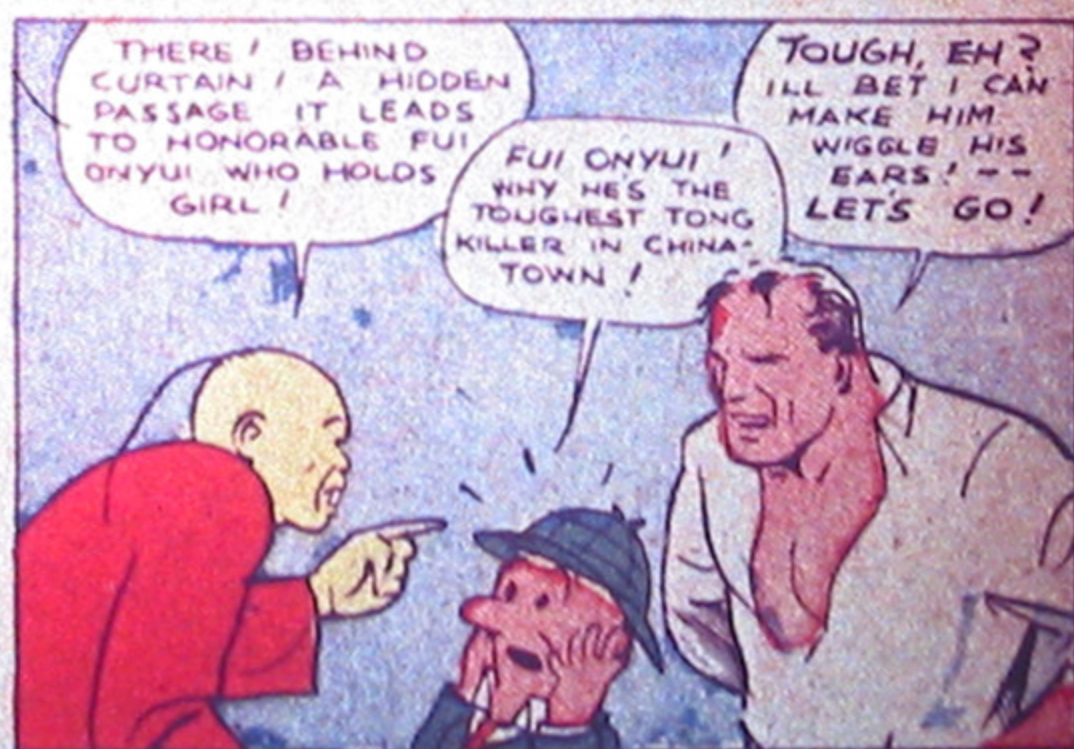
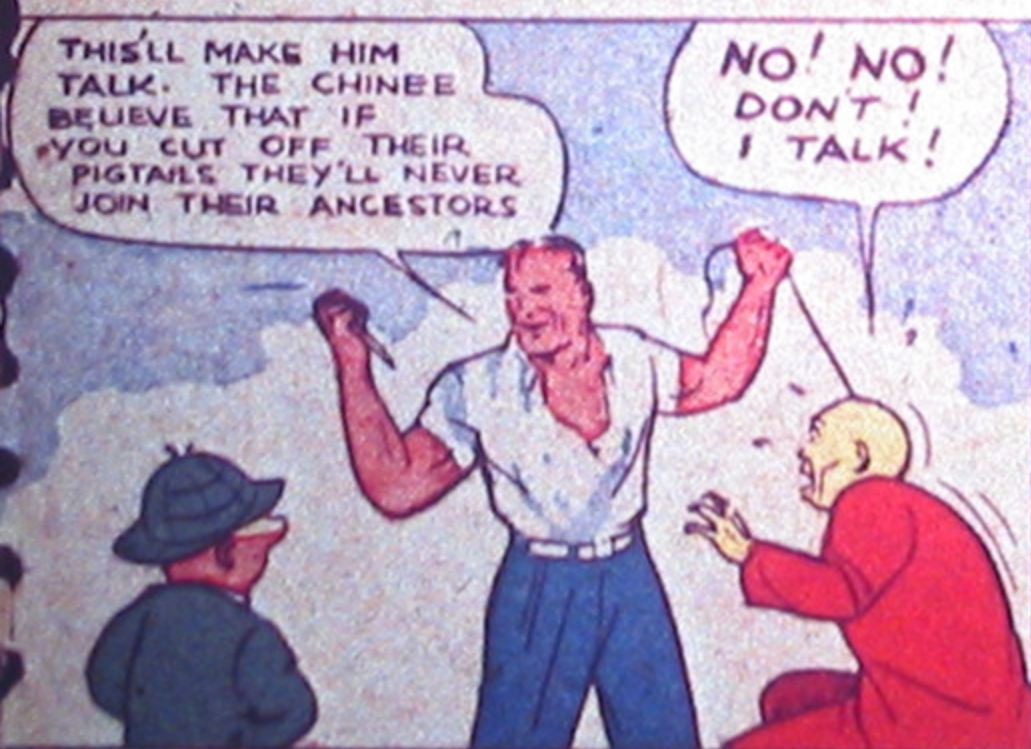
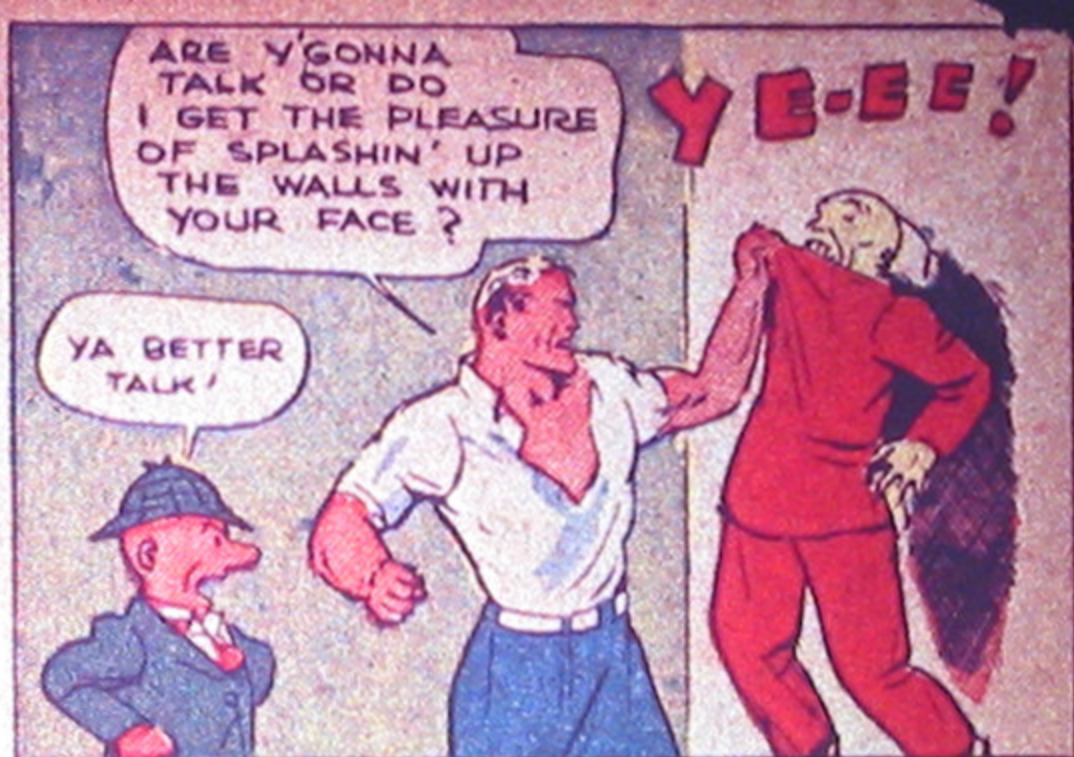
YOU! BUT
I THOUGHT--!

OH, SLAM SAID
TO GIVE YOU HIS
CARD. WELL, LADY,
I'M READY! WHAT
GREAT MYSTERY
DO YOU WANT ME
TO SOLVE?

YOU WILL GUARD
MY DOG AND SEE
IT COMES TO NO
HARM.

AND TO THINK
I SPENT GOOD
MONEY ON A
SCIENTIFIC CRIME
DETECTION COURSE!





THE LIGHTS!
-- THEY WENT
OUT! YOU'RE
NOT SCARED, ARE
YOU, 'SHORTY'?

N-NO, J-JUST
NERVOUS. --
YE-EOW!
THEY GOT
ME!

WELL, I'LL --!

GIMME A HAND!
QUICK!

GEE! IF IT
HADN'T BEEN FOR
HER, I'D BE A
GONER! GOOD
OLD MIMI!

FOLLOW ME!
WE'VE GOT TO
CROSS THAT LEDGE

BE CAREFUL!
IT'S SLIPPERY!

DOGGONE IT!
QUIT LICKIN'
MY FACE!

SLAM DOES NOT SEE AN APERTURE OPEN
AND A HAND THRUST THRU --

**LOOK
OUT!**

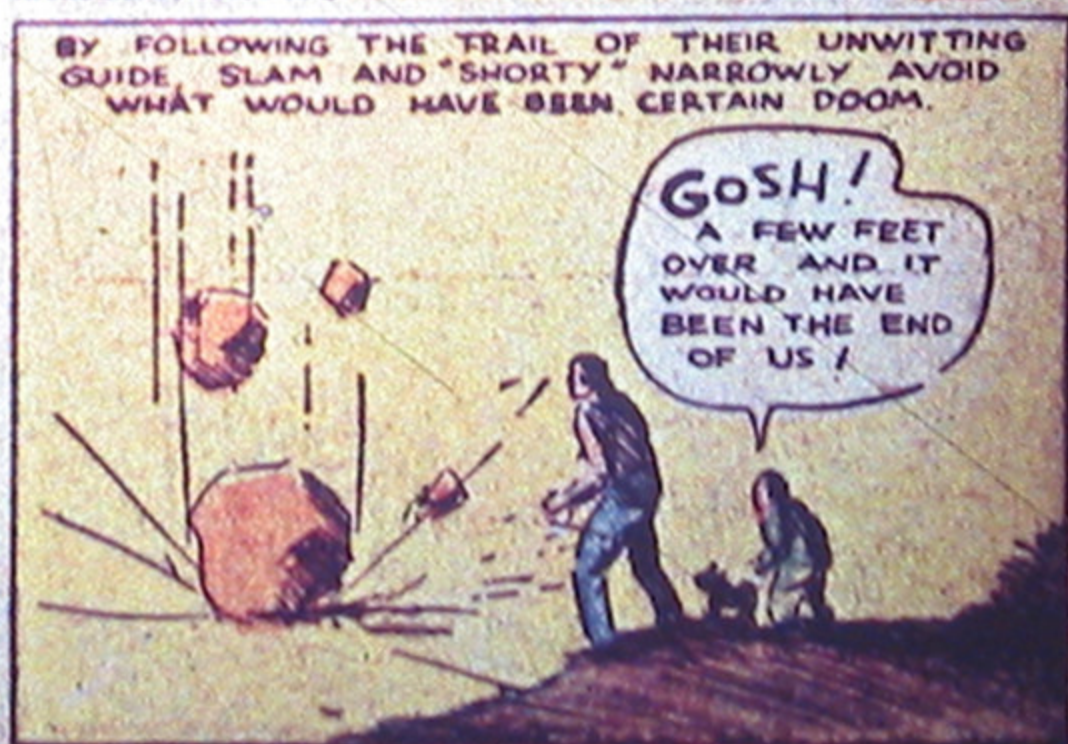
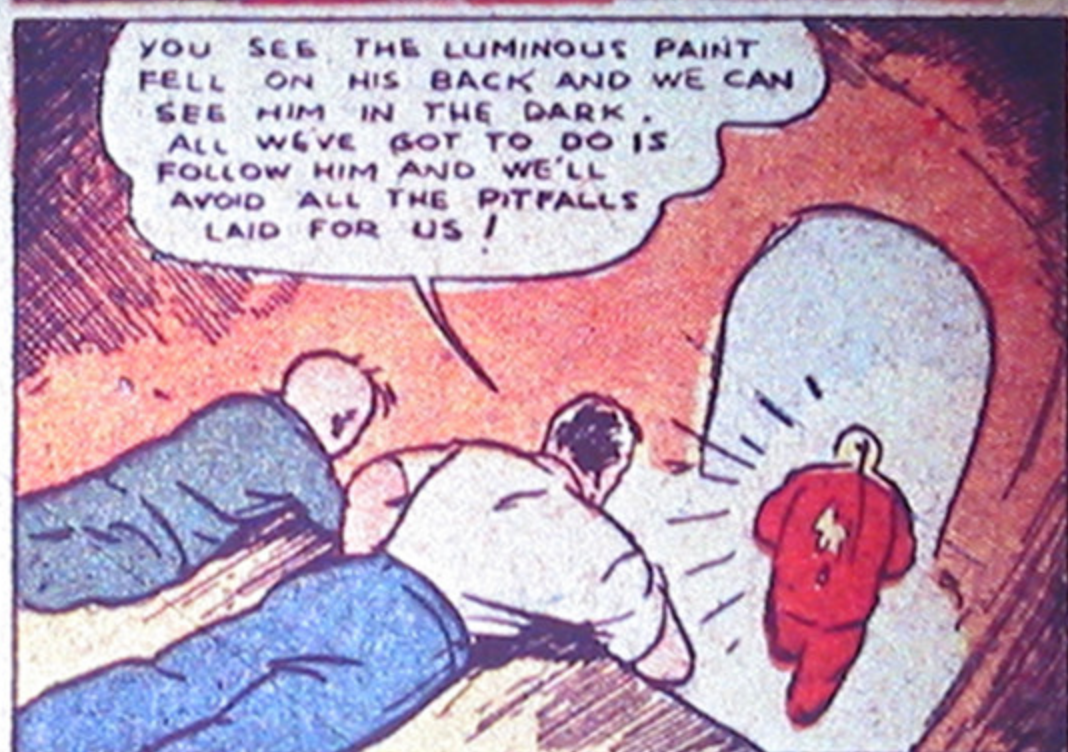
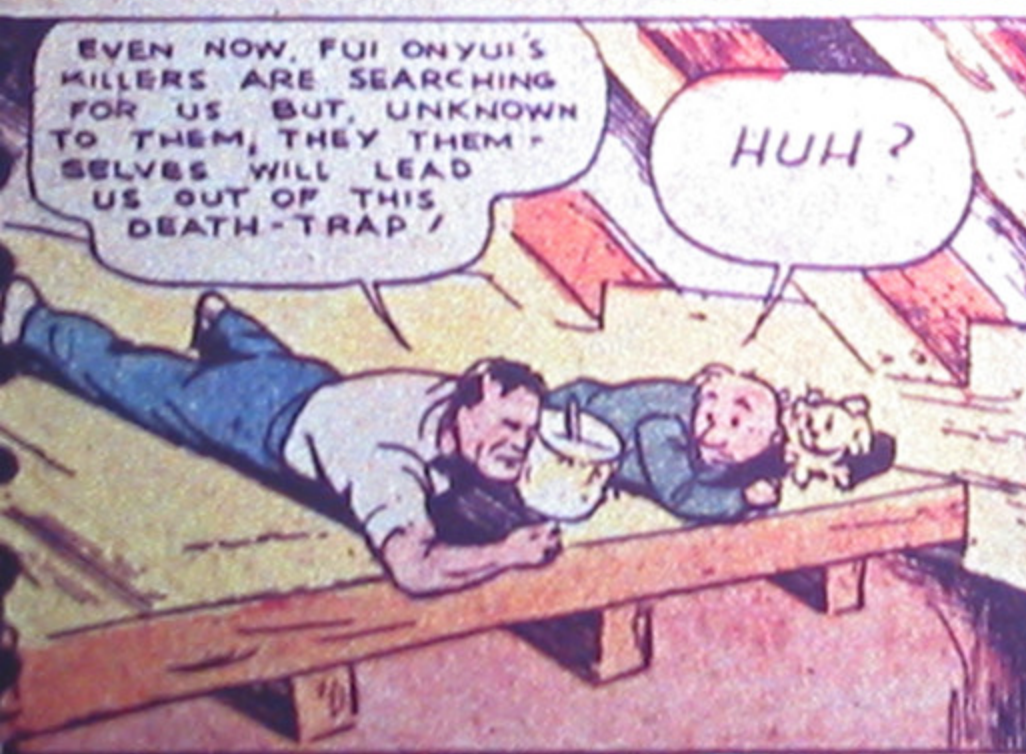
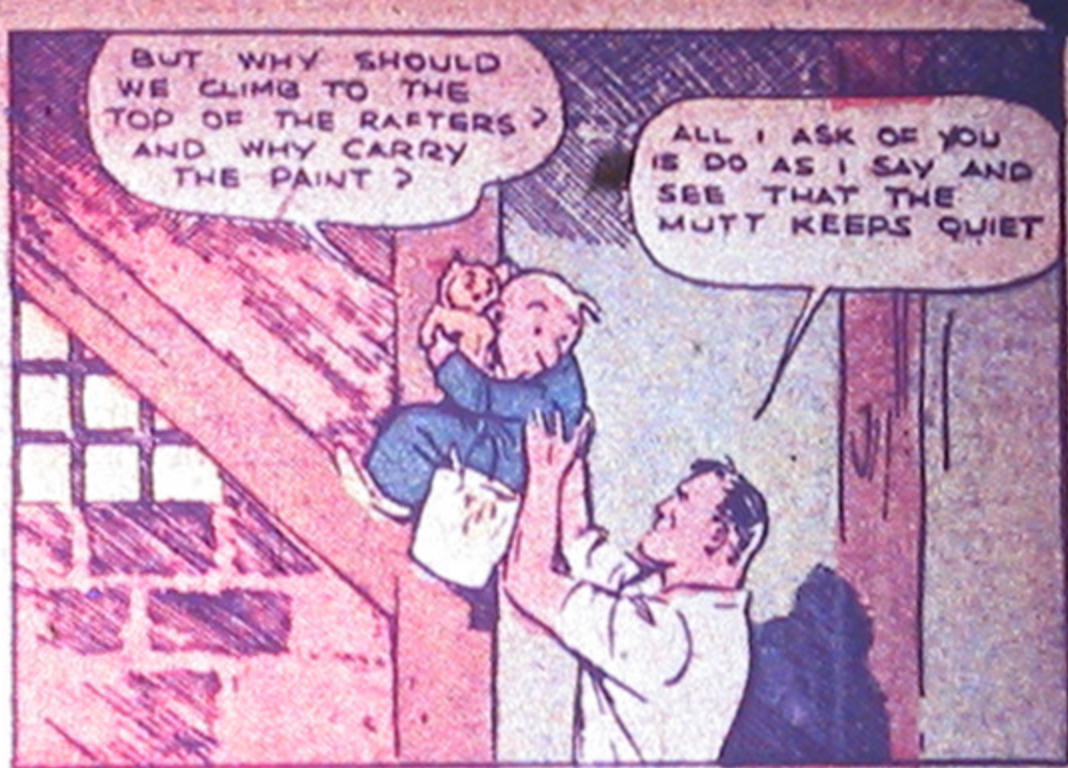
SLAM WHIRLS AT SHORTY'S SHOUT -- STEPPING
IN, HE SIZES THE ARM IN A WRESTLING GRIP
AND WITH A SHARP BLOW BREAKS IT.

CRACK!

THEY REACH THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE PIT SAFELY, BUT
UPON TURNING A CORNER --

**GOOD
GOSH!**





LISTEN! SOME ONE'S
COMIN' FROM AHEAD!
SOUNDS LIKE A
REGULAR MOB!

QUICK!
GIVE ME THAT
PAINT!

HEY!
WHAT TH--
GLUB, GLUB--!

BE QUIET!
OUR LIVES MAY
DEPEND ON
THIS!

REMEMBER THE MASTER'S
ORDERS! SHOW NO MERCY
TO THE FOREIGN DEVILS--
CUT THEM DOWN
ON SIGHT!

THE QUESTING HATCHET-MEN SUDDENLY COME
FACE-TO-FACE WITH A TERRIFYING, GHASTLY
VISION FOR A MOMENT THEY STAND STUNNED--

THEN ABRUPTLY THE FEARFUL APPARITION
BARKS! WITH SHRIEKS AND WAILS OF TERROR
THE SUPERSTITIOUS CELESTIALES SPRINT FOR
ALL THEY'RE WORTH!

A REVOLVING PANEL!
FOLLOW ME, "SHORTY"

HO! HO!
DID I SCARE
THE WITS OUT
OF 'EM!

GEE! WHAT A
JOINT! HEY LOOK!
THERE'S A CHINK
FAST ASLEEP
ON THE COT

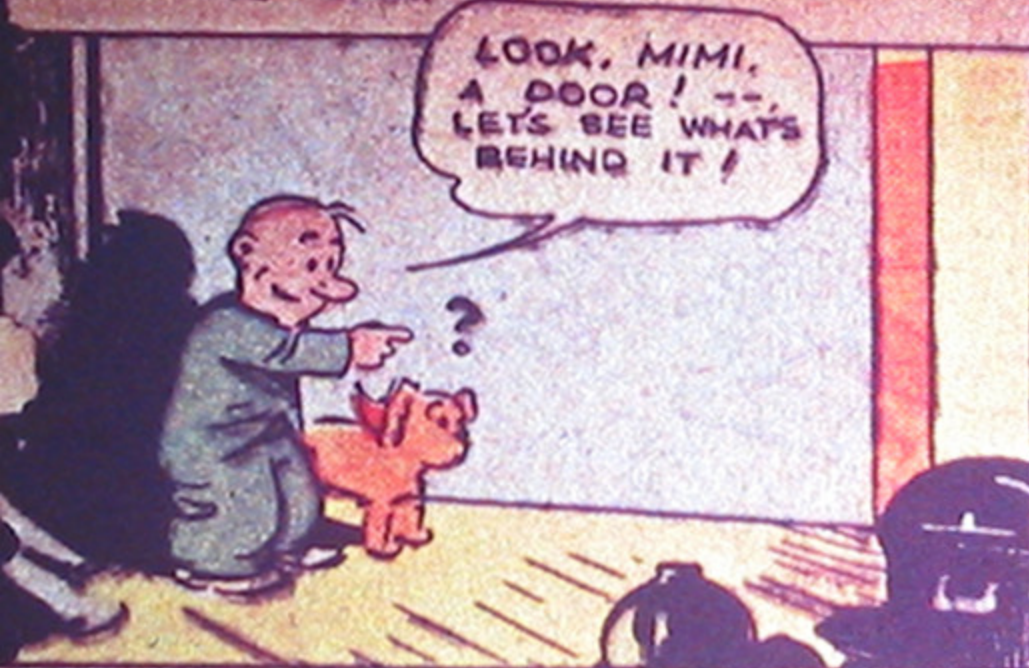
ASLEEP NOTHING!
HE'S DRUGGED!
DOPED!

AFTER SLAM DONS THE UNCONSCIOUS CHINA
MAN'S CLOTHES --

YOU WAIT HERE
IF I DON'T COME BACK
IN 15 MINUTES, GO
FOR HELP

O.K.
BUT BE
CAREFUL!

A FEW MOMENTS AFTER SLAM STEALS FROM THE ROOM



MEANWHILE -- LOOKING DOWN FROM ATOP A HIGH BANNISTER SLAM FINDS HE HAS COME TO THE END OF HIS SEARCH



SLAM HAS HEARD ENOUGH! WITH A WAR-WHOOP OF RAGE HE SIEZES AN ORNATE SASH AND SWINGS DOWN TOWARD THE ASTOUNDED TORTURERS LIKE A RELEASED CATAPULT!



THE PLEASURE
IS ALL MINE!

STOP HIM!
STOP TH--
OO-OO-W!

-- HE VAULTS TOWARD THE TORTURER --

GIVE ME
THAT WHIP,
BUDDY!

-- AND GIVES HIM SOME OF HIS OWN MEDICINE --

HIGHER! --
Y'FISH-FACED AMOEBA!
JUMP HIGHER
OR I'LL BEAT
THE HIDE OFF
YOU!

WHEN SLAM SPRINGS INTO ACTION HE'S A VERITABLE CYCLONE! SWIFTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW HE SWOOPS DOWN ON FUI ONYUI AND KICKING HIS FEET FORWARD, LETS THE DEADLY TONG KILLER HAVE IT RIGHT ON THE BUTTON NEXT--

WHO WANTS
THE NEXT
RIDE?

SLAM THEN SETTLES DOWN TO SOME SERIOUS FIGHTING -- HERE, THERE HE DARTS WITH THE SPEED OF A STREAKING ARROW! HIS THUNDERING FISTS SEEM TO BE EVERYWHERE! FUI ONYUI HAPLESSLY GETS IN SLAM'S WAY AND THE NEXT MOMENT HE IS SOARING THRU SPACE BY THE END OF HIS PIGTAIL. THE CHINA-MEN ARE DEMORALIZED BY SLAM'S INDOMITABLE COURAGE, SURPRISING STRENGTH AND LAUGHTER IN THE FACE OF OVERWHELMING ODDS!

BUSILY OPENING A CLOSET-DOOR "SHORTY" IS DIRECTLY INTO A TERRIFYING FACE INSTANTLY HE DIVES FOR COVER!

O-O-OH!



WHAT A SAD I AM! THAT MUST HAVE BEEN MY OWN FACE REFLECTED IN A MIRROR - - OH-OH! SOME ONE HEARD ME AN' IS COMIN'!



MEANWHILE

THE ALARMED SENTINEL SMILES CRAFTILY TO HIMSELF AS HE HEARS A MUFFLED BARK FROM A NEARBY BOX. BUT AS HE LIFTS HIS HATCHET - -

SERVES YA RIGHT FOR BEIN' SO NOSBY!

KUNK



"SHORTY" HAS AN INSPIRATION HOW HE CAN DEMONSTRATE HIS SCIENTIFIC METHODS TO SLAM

THIS IS WHAT I CALL USIN' MY BRAINS

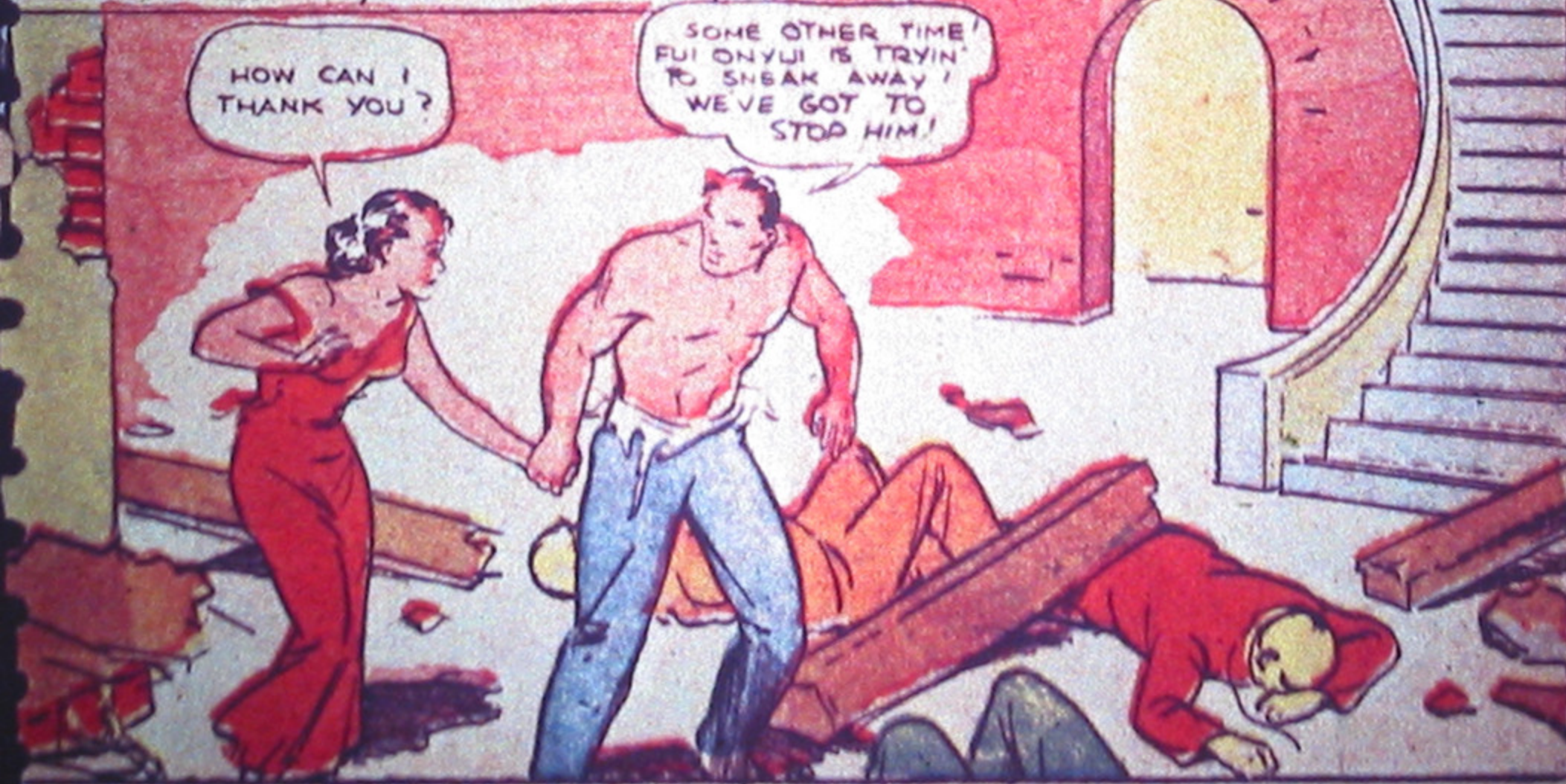
HE POURS SOME TAR HE FINDS IN THE STORE-ROOM UPON A FOOTPRINT ON THE FLOOR IN AN ATTEMPT TO EMULATE THE FEATS OF GIMEN



THE CHINKS ROUTED, SLAM FREES RITA

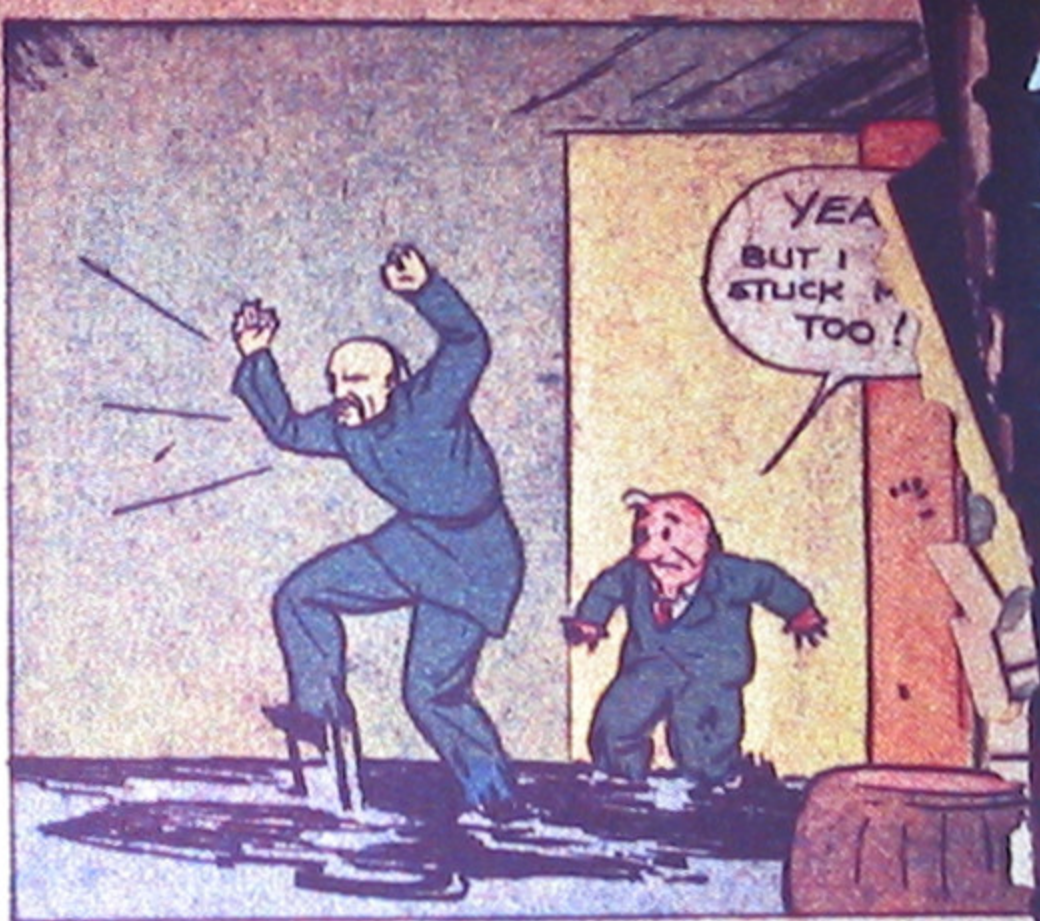
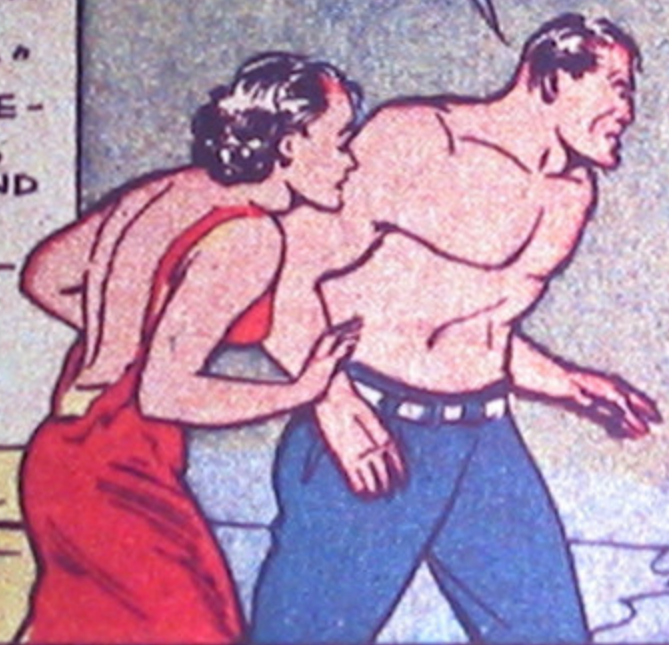
HOW CAN I THANK YOU?

SOME OTHER TIME! FUI ONYU! IS TRYIN' TO SNEAK AWAY! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!



PURSuing
FUI ONYUI
INTO THE
ROOM IN
WHICH
"SHORTY"
HAD RE-
MAINED,
SLAM AND
RITA FIND —

WELL I'LL BE —!
HE'S STUCK IN THE
TAR! TRAPPED
BY "SHORTY"!



SWELL WORK,
"SHORTY," FROM NOW
ON WE'RE PARTNERS,
SHARE EVERYTHING!

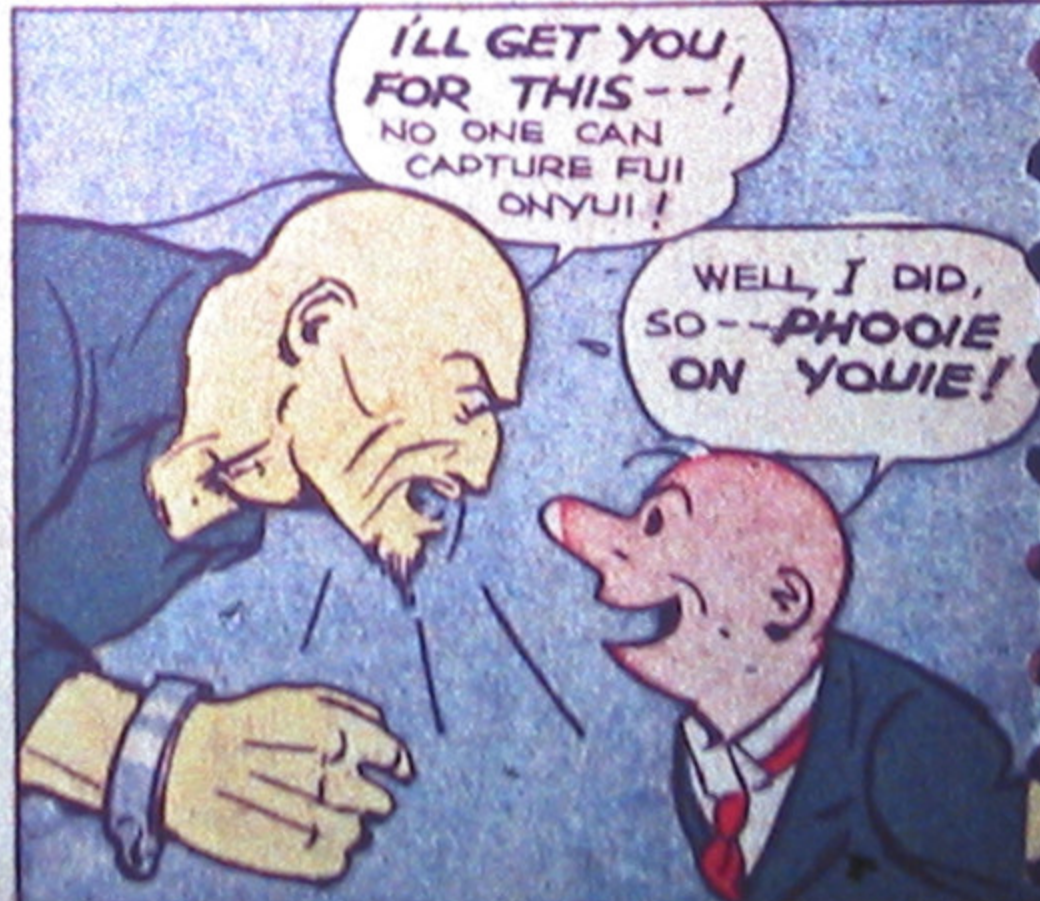
YIPEE!



IN HIS EXCITEMENT "SHORTY" JUMPS FREE!

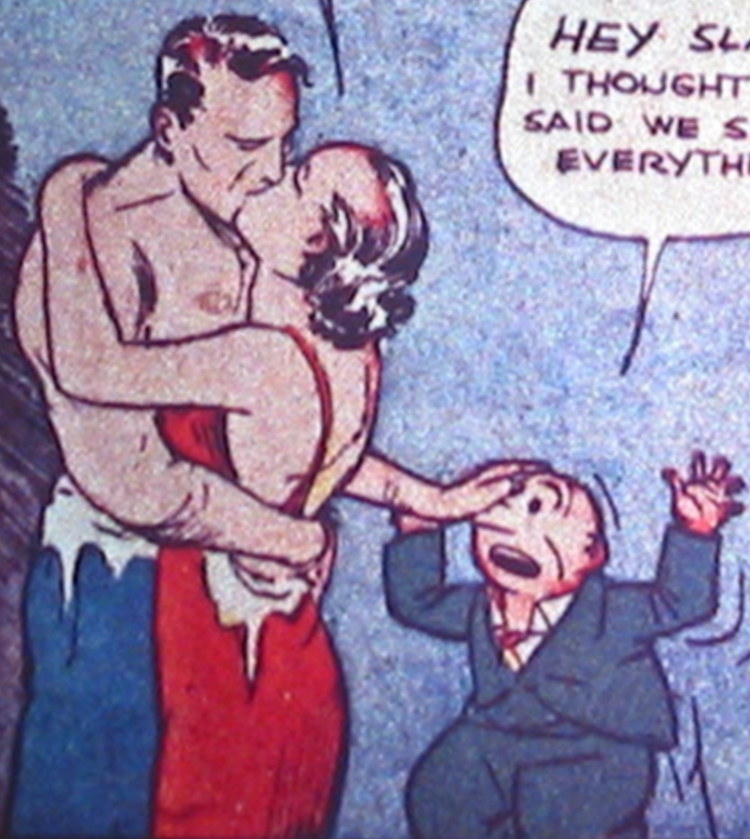
I'LL GET YOU
FOR THIS --!
NO ONE CAN
CAPTURE FUI
ONYUI!

WELL, I DID,
SO -- PHOOIE
ON YOUIE!



I'M SORRY I'VE
BEEN SUCH A
SNOB -- YOU'RE
WONDERFUL!

HEY SLAM!
I THOUGHT YOU
SAID WE SHARE
EVERYTHING!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER --

NOW THAT OUR
SWEET-TEMPERED
CHINESE FRIEND IS
JAILED FOR ABDUCTION
AND SEEKING TO SECURE
MY SIGNATURE FOR HIS
PURPOSES, I'D LIKE TO
SEE MORE OF YOU.

SORRY, RITA!
"SHORTY" AND I
LOVE TROUBLE --
BUT NOT "WOMEN
TROUBLE." SEE
YOU AGAIN --
MAYBE!

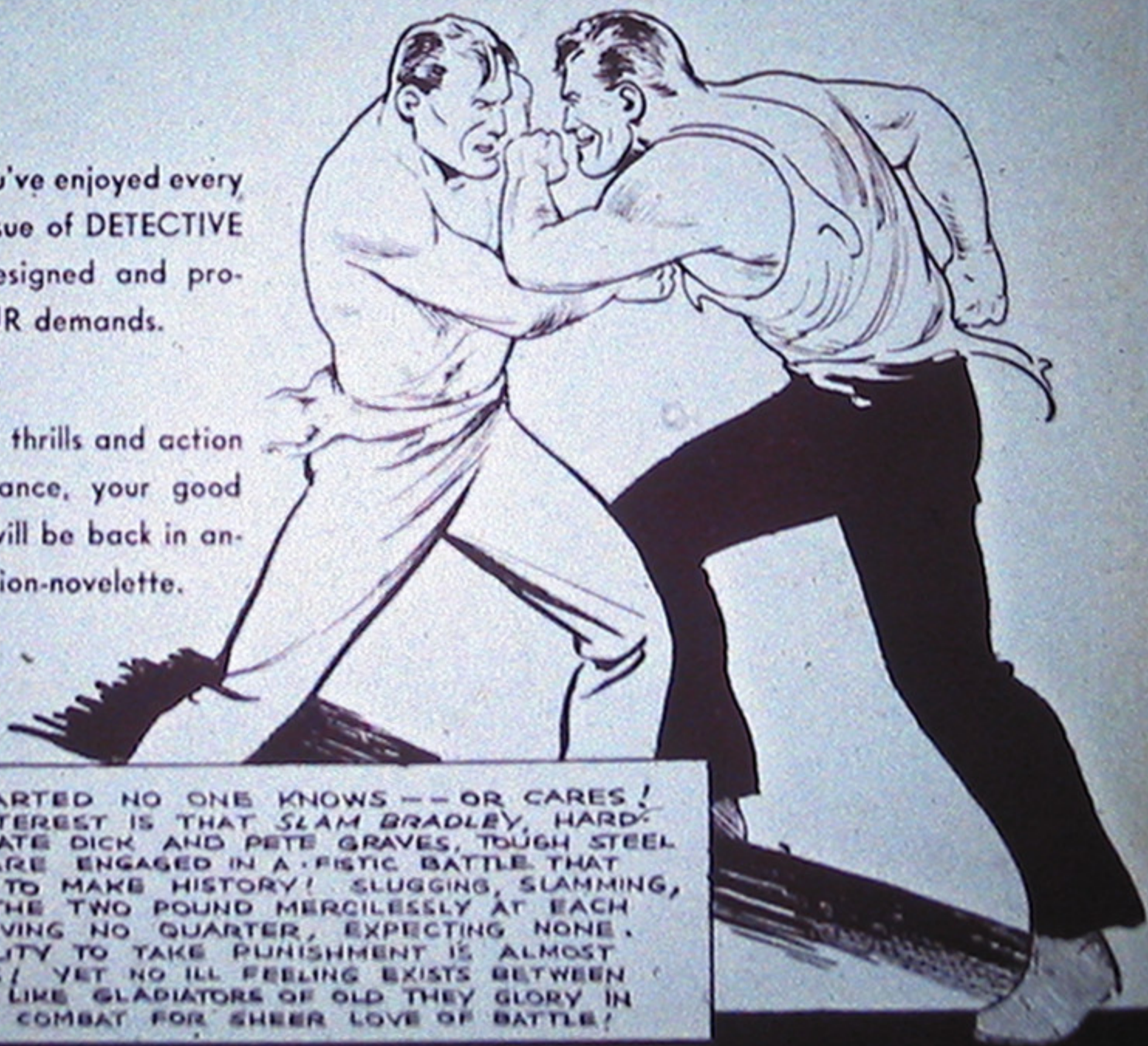


NEXT ISSUE SLAM GOES TO TOWN --
"SKYSCRAPER DEATH"

NEXT MONTH: A BIG SECOND HELPING!

WE FEEL sure that you've enjoyed every page of this first issue of DETECTIVE COMICS, for it was designed and produced according to YOUR demands.

THERE'LL be lots more thrills and action next month. For instance, your good friend SLAM BRADLEY will be back in another fast and furious action-novelette.



HOW IT STARTED NO ONE KNOWS -- OR CARES! OF SOLE INTEREST IS THAT SLAM BRADLEY, HARD-BOILED PRIVATE DICK AND PETE GRAVES, TOUGH STEEL WORKER, ARE ENGAGED IN A FISTIC BATTLE THAT THREATENS TO MAKE HISTORY! SLUGGING, SLAMMING, SOCKING, THE TWO POUND MERCILESSLY AT EACH OTHER, GIVING NO QUARTER, EXPECTING NONE. THEIR ABILITY TO TAKE PUNISHMENT IS ALMOST MIRACULOUS! YET NO ILL FEELING EXISTS BETWEEN THE TWO. LIKE GLADIATORS OF OLD THEY GLORY IN THE COMBAT FOR SHEER LOVE OF BATTLE!

ASK FOR IT BY NAME!

MARCH, 1937

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